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Low qualifiers from the local tournaments will advance to the Insurance Youth Golf Classic State Tournament at Elliot Golf Course in Rockford, July 21-22.

Six golfers will advance from the State Tournament to the National IYGC at the Silverado Country Club in Napa, California, August 12-16.

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by J. D. REED

IF YOU MUST GO TEARING THROUGH LIFE,
BE SURE TO TAKE DUCT TAPE ALONG

After producing such losers as cyclamates, the Edsel and brown cigarette paper, technology, that fickle handmaiden of science, has struck a vein of pure gold—or aluminum in this case. Someday, say its admirers, and they are legion, aluminum duct tape will probably be ranked alongside penicillin and solid rocket fuel as one of the great discoveries of the 20th century.

Duct tape, like most boons to civilization, is basically simple and altogether an old-fashioned item. Says Jim Pratt, of the 3M Company, one producer of the product, "It is just a refinement of old cloth bandage tape. It works so well because there's lots of adhesive—you must use it on a cloth backing. There really is no aluminum in it at all, that's just the color. It's actually 100% cotton." Manufactured by several companies, duct tape has as many applications for sportsmen and outdoorsmen as there are things that rip, snap, crack and leak. Mechanics at the Indy 500 carry rolls of the stuff to repair rips and holes caused by a stone or bolt from the track on the fiber-glass racers, restoring in an instant the smooth contours of the cars.

Since the tape is easily removed without damaging cloth, wood, metal and even skin, and because it peels off the roll easily, it is ideal for almost any emergency. It will hold a torn canoe bottom for a while and repair the nylon cloth of sleeping bags and jackets as well as mend tents, water jugs and cook kuts. It can be used in the wilderness to fix broken eyeglass frames or a loose fly-rod guide, it can lash together a lean-to. You can temporarily repair a bicycle blowout with it, wrap a hockey stick, or hold together the cord nibbled by a squirrel from which the bird feeder is suspended. Sports photographers, who often have to repair gear on the spot, always pack a roll in their camera bags. They call it gaffer tape. The stuff is so amazing, cementing together almost anything the imagination can connect, that one architect, returning from a backpacking trip with duct tape, crowed, "I think there's a way to build a house with duct tape! If you just stretch it over the two-by-fours and then..."

When you go to your local hardware store to buy a roll of the tape, you must first assess the age of the guy behind the counter. If he's over 40, walk right up and ask for a roll of "duck" tape. If he's younger, you're safer to pronounce the consonants of duct tape precisely. Whichever, the stuff costs about \$4.50 for a 2" by 60' roll.

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**Do something about
the next 10 years.**



LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Since the Stanley Cup playoffs begin in early April, Staff Writer Peter Gammons has averaged a game a night. After one game last month he staked out a comfortable corner of the Cincinnati airport, awaiting a phone call from Hockey Editor Mark Mulvoy; three flights were departing within two minutes of each other, for Toronto, Los Angeles and Indianapolis, and Gammons would learn which he would be on only when all the results of the night's games were in.

Travel is nothing new for the 32-year-old Gammons, who went on the



NOW GAMMONS ISN'T IN THERE PITCHING

road with the Red Sox in 1971 for the Boston Globe. "My first stop was Yankee Stadium, the game in which Billy Conigliaro blew up at Carl Yastrzemski. A terrific baptism," says Gammons, who hardly needed an introduction to the Boston sports scene. "He has an encyclopedic mind for baseball and hockey, especially in Boston," says Hockey Reporter Angel Reyes. And why not—Gammons grew up in the suburb of Groton, where he went to the Groton School, and the Boston Garden was his winter hangout. Later, he attended the University of North Carolina, where he wrote for the *Daily Tar Heel Sports*. Editors Curry Kirkpatrick and Larry Keith, who preceded Gammons here,

"When the Red Sox were in the World Series in 1967 I asked Gammons to write a story on the team and Fenway Park," says Keith. "He gave me a great feature and I ran it across eight columns of the sport section with a huge headline. The only thing I forgot to include was his byline."

By 1968, however, Gammons had enough bylines to persuade the *Globe* to hire him as a summer intern—the same job Mulvoy held in 1962 and Winter-Reporter Bruce Newman in 1974. Gammons was put on the staff in the winter of '69. Last summer *The Wall Street Journal* sent a reporter to travel with Gammons for about a week, and the night the *Journal* article appeared he had to fend off comments in the Fenway press box on his financial-page status. "I did it for my mother," he protested. "She always wanted her son to go into business."

But Gammons is a born sportswriter. "He has a marvelous rapport with athletes," Reyes says. So much so, in fact, that when he traveled with the Red Sox he used to pitch a little batting practice. "I made utility man Bob Heise feel like Ted Williams," he recalls.

Last Sept. 1, *Globe* baseball writer Gammons was in Fenway, watching Ferguson Jenkins tear his Achilles' tendon. Two days later he was *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's* hockey writer, seated between the blue lines at the Montreal Forum, ready to cover the Canada Cup. Now it's the Stanley Cup.

Deprived by all this of his chance to pitch batting practice, Gammons has developed into more of a jogger, and now logs up to 10 miles a day. When he lived in Boston he never considered running in the Marathon after a month in New York City he had run in two mini-marathons in Central Park.

Sorry, Heise, but it looks as if you're on your own.

Sack Reyes

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BOOKTALK

by J. D. REED

IF YOU DON'T WANT TO TOSS A FRISBEE OR PLAY WITH A YO-YO, GO FLY A KITE

When you tire of books written by superstar athletes with a penchant for complaining for 300 pages about salaries, the public, room-mates and travel arrangements, then an afternoon with *The Mature Person's Guide to Kites, Yo-Yos, Frisbees and Other Childlike Diversions* by Paul Dickson (Plume Books, \$5.95) may be just what you need for an hour or so of total relaxation. Dickson's *Mature Person's Guide* is a trip into the whimsical, daffy world of non-competitive, non-violent and humorous "recreations."

Not only does the author, himself a kite fanatic, treat the activities listed in the title, but he explores the misty realms of marbles and hoesheoes, the Freudian significance of jump-rope rhymes and the recent history of board games. On each pastime he writes a lively, funny history, he gives the rules; he relates literary quotations ("My kite rises to celestial regions, my soul enters the abode of bliss." Thus from a ninth-century monk). And the book contains the oddest collection of photos that one is likely to find anywhere, ranging from an orangutan trying to operate a yo-yo to Missouri Representative Bill Burdison, squinting fiercely as he shoots marbles on Capitol Hill.

Dickson's premise is that these "childlike" diversions are in fact irresistible to adults. "Lawyers attend Star Trek conventions, M.D.s fly kites, professors collect turn-of-the-century postcards with Santas and Easter bunnies on them . . . Senator Barry Goldwater proudly shows off his collection of over 300 Indian dolls . . . all without fear of being called childish. . ."

Aside from being a catalog of unconventional things to do in one's spare time, the book is a treasure house of names of associations, stores, suppliers and publications in its marvelously complete "Action-Packed Appendices." Take the International Kitefliers Association, for example, which is described as "Will Yolen's group, in which membership is free and membership benefits are almost entirely spiritual."

We may laugh at all this today, says the author, but not too heartily, for "if we are to be pecked to death by ducks—absurd laws, rules, insensitive computers . . . then is it not better to enjoy our small successes . . . before we go down?" So instead of trying to fishbone the latest laws about baseball free agents, one can memorize the first of the Ten Commandments of the Frisbee: The most powerful force in the world is a disc straining to land directly under a car.

END

Did you know Allegheny is 2 million passengers bigger than Pan Am?



Passenger Totals	
ALLEGHENY	10,905,000
Pan Am	8,257,000

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EDITED BY RON REID

ANIMAL ACT ON ICE

With many of its finest players involved in the Stanley Cup playoffs, Canada has been ill-represented in the world hockey championships in Vienna. Returning to the eight-nation tournament after a seven-year absence, Team Canada fielded a lineup of NHL also-rans and reneads, which partially explains last week's 11-1 defeat by the Russians—Canada's most humiliating hockey loss ever.

Team Canada's lack of talent can be blamed on unfortunate timing, but the manner in which it comported itself on the ice can only be blamed on itself. In their frustration, some of the Canadian professionals resorted to high sticking, slashing and other forms of thuggery. Wilf Paiement of the Colorado Rockies, who incurred a major penalty for high sticking and three minors for slashing, was Canada's most flagrant offender against the Russians, although Walt McKechnie of the Detroit Red Wings, who was called for cross-checking with one second left in the game, was almost as bad.

It should be pointed out that the Russians led 3-0 in the first period, before the first penalty was called. Thus the intimidation tactics were not only shoddy sportsmanship, but also stupid.

"We come over here and do things we would never do in the National Hockey League," Guy Charron of the Washington Capitals told Red Fisher of *The Montreal Star*. Charron, who was hurt in the first game and didn't play thereafter, added, "We're never going to win doing things that way. Never. If you're going to do anything at all, make damned sure the whole world doesn't see it. We wait until everybody is watching, and then we do it. It's sad."

And it's not hockey.

GAUNTLET VS. GLOVES

When he isn't castigating Chicago politicians or deflating pompous officials, columnist Mike Royko of the *Chicago Daily News* serves as manager and pitch-

er for the newspaper's softball team.

Recently the league in which the team plays has evoked Royko's wrath—and a lawsuit—by changing its rules to allow players to wear gloves. The new rule, Royko says, "penalizes those with talent and calloused hands and gives unfair advantage to those with tender and well-maneured hands."

Besides that, Royko says his team can't afford the gloves.

HARD TIMES IN THE SLAMMER

After a five-year struggle against tired blood, calcium deposits and defeat, the McNeil Island (Wash.) Federal Penitentiary will field no baseball team this season. The problem, says Coach and Sports Director William Bowen, has been that "We lose. Some of the visiting teams wouldn't even bring a pitcher half the time. They'd just bring 10 guys, and they would all take turns pitching."

Despite the home-field advantage, Bowen's inmates won only one game—a 9-2 victory two years ago over the prison guards. Yet his team, whose average age is 40, didn't tire of losing so much as the opposition, average age 20, grew weary of winning.

"They would go up to the plate and just keep going and going," Bowen says. "We were weak in hitting, pitching, fielding and throwing, but we had a pretty good catcher."

Bowen says he's now looking for some older competition and he plans to organize prison softball teams this season. "There's no reason," he says. "Why we can't compete well against players of our caliber. You know we have all the practice time in the world."

BACK TO YOU, CHRIS...

The following resolution (somewhat abridged) has been sent to committee in the Michigan House of Representatives.

"Whereas, Too often these outstanding marching band performances are obscured, ignored, interrupted and even utterly destroyed by the rampant and

repugnant blather spewing from motor-mouthed, self-indulgent sportscasters who apparently feel that the only music worth listening to is that which is uttered from their own plebeian lips as they regurgitate an unending stream of statistical twaddle or recount the results of other games reported by their similarly unsavory peers; and

"Whereas, Such coprophilous drivel during what would otherwise be a truly entertaining and enjoyable half-time show is an affront to the sensibilities of the television audience... therefore be it

"Resolved... That the major television networks provide their sportscasters with a refreshment stipend to be used



during football game half-time periods, and be it further

"Resolved, That said sportscasters be required to remove themselves from the announcing booth... and spend said stipend... on sufficient quantities of peanuts, popcorn, hot dogs and other foodstuffs to keep their mouths full and occupied for the duration of all marching band performances..."

Amen.

GRAND THEFT PRINTOUT

A shoe company computer has predicted that the night of July 21 will mark a milestone for baseball. On that date, says an electronic forecast for the Converse Co., the Cardinals' Lou Brock will steal his

continued

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893rd base, thereby breaking the all-time record of 892 held by Ty Cobb. The computer's projection is based on Brock's career average of one stolen base per 2.61 games.

While Brock may be viewing the 21st with anticipation, Joe Ferguson of the Houston Astros may be viewing it with trepidation. St. Louis plays Houston that Thursday night, and Ferguson is the Astros' catcher.

ALL THREE FOR THE MONEY

At a congress of the International Ski Federation in Argentina last week, one of the first items discussed was the paradox that in recent years the men's overall World Cup champion has not been an overall skier, but a specialist. The last time the overall World Cup champion in the men's events was a good all-round skier, i.e., one who competed successfully in all three alpine events—downhill, slalom and giant slalom—was in 1970, when Austria's Karl Schranz won the cup. Since then, Italy's slalom and giant-slalom specialists, Gustavo Thoeni and Piero Gros, who rarely do well in the downhill, and, for the last two seasons, Sweden's Ingemar Stenmark, who does not ski downhill at all, had the highest point totals. Throughout the 1976-77 season Stenmark was challenged most strongly by Austria's Franz Klammer, who has, for one specialty, the downhill.

The FIS Technical Committee passed a modification which requires World Cup skiers to take part in all three events if they want to compete for the overall title. Serge Lang, the Swiss journalist who founded the World Cup, said that now the future champion would "come out of the sum total of the three best results in the three specialties. If he does not take part in all three, he will see his chances decline."

With Austria backing the move, it has a good chance of winning the vote of the full congress. Meanwhile, the Swedish delegates are up in arms. Unless Stenmark puts in a lot of overtime in downhill training, he does not stand a chance to win the cup a third time.

Last winter, when Klammer was Stenmark's main competition, Stenmark said, "It would not be right for someone who excels in one event to win the World Cup." It seems that excelling in two events does not make a world champion, either. The new system may produce a champion who doesn't excel in anything.

WRETCHED EXCESS

Elvin Hayes of the Washington Bullets led the NBA in playing time this season. Appearing in all 82 regular-season games, the big forward averaged 41 minutes per contest. But two of Hayes' teammates, Guard Tom Henderson and Forward Leonard Gray, surpassed him by appearing in more games than there are on the schedule. Howzat?

Well, Henderson, who played in 87 games, was in 46 for Atlanta before being traded to Washington, which had played five fewer games than the Hawks at the time. He then appeared in 41 of the Bullets' remaining games.

Gray played in 25 games with Seattle before he was traded to Washington—which had played one less game than the Sonics at the time. Gray appeared in each of the Bullets' remaining 58 games.

Since the NBA expended its schedule to 82 games for the 1967-68 season, five players have appeared in more games than the schedule called for. The most shell-shocked of them may have been McCoy McLemore, who played in 86 games in 1970-71. McLemore first played 28 games for Milwaukee, which was on its way to the NBA championship that season, then played 58 games for Cleveland, a first-year expansion team headed for the cellar.

HOME LANE ADVANTAGE

Joe Buenrostro was one of 32 amateurs to qualify for the 1977 Bowling Spectacular, a national tournament being held this week in San Antonio. By qualifying, Buenrostro, who is 19, unemployed and helps his ailing mother operate a small sign shop, won an all-expense-paid trip to the tournament.

Unfortunately, for Buenrostro, he lives in San Antonio, about four miles from the tournament site. Now for the good news. The tournament is being held at Wonder Bowl, where Buenrostro averaged 224 in more than 100 league games last year.

REVIVAL GREETING

Two schools reviving college football on a smaller scale, after a financially induced absence from the game, are the State University of New York at Buffalo and another Buffalo institution, Canisius College.

Buffalo, which dropped the sport after the 1970 season because of a reported \$300,000 deficit, will field a team next fall on a budget of \$20,000—which is both

good news and bad news for Canisius.

Buffalo will play Canisius as one of its four 1977 opponents, and the game should generate some intracity interest. But when Canisius, which dropped football in 1949, revived it as a varsity sport two years ago, Buffalo loaned Canisius some equipment and its practice uniforms. Now Buffalo wants the uniforms back. Quipped Buffalo's new head coach, Bill Dando, to the Canisius athletic department, "Bring them back filled."

THE TILT OF RECREATION

Students unskilled at or uninterested in interscholastic sports at Johnston (Iowa) High School were offered an alternative—trips to the pinball parlor at a local shopping center.

"Pinball offers them a chance to develop hand-and-eye coordination," says physics teacher Larry Strickler. "It also offers something that has a carry-over value. On top of that, it was an opportunity to get the kids out of the building."

Unfortunately, when the story of the Johnston High pinballers made the local paper, parents cried, "Tilt," and the program was cancelled after two visits.

"I think some of the parents recalled when pinball machines were in saloons and bowling alleys," Strickler says, "and thought we were taking the students into that kind of atmosphere."

Strickler did receive three letters of support, including one from a Johnston High alumnae who said he thought visits to a pinball parlor might be exciting. The alumnae is a minister.

THEY SAID IT

- Roger McCann, Eastern League basketball official pressed into service during the NBA officials' strike: "I told the NBA people I was only available on days ending in y."
- Frank Robinson, manager of the Cleveland Indians, after rookie Paul Dode, wearing uniform No. 00, was thrown out trying to steal third with one out in a 1-1 game: "I don't know why he wears that number, but when he took off, I said, 'Oh-oh.'"
- Bill Dellinger, University of Oregon track coach, emerging from the steeplechase water jump in which his team had dunked him after beating Arizona State by one point: "My team has class. They took my wallet and pen out of my pockets before throwing me in."

END

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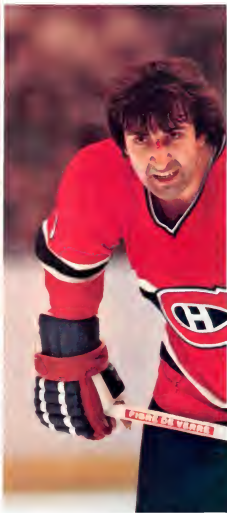


Me and my RC

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STATING



THEIR CASE

As the Stanley Cup raged on, Boston's Brad Park and the Montreal Three looked capable of filling Bobby Orr's big skates by Peter Gammons

The greatness of the Canadiens may still be in question, but the greatness of Defensemen Larry Robinson, Guy Lapointe and Serge Savard (left to right) is not



CONTINUED

It was a kind of Bobby Orr look-alike contest for defensemen. No centers, wings or goaltenders need apply. There was Boston's Brad Park playing keep-away with the puck, just like Orr did, and keeping Philadelphia Flyers away from Goaltender Gerry Cheevers. There was Philadelphia's Bob (The Count) Dailey, all 6' 5" and 210 pounds of him, rushing the puck and spilling bodies with Orr-like daring. There was the New York Islanders' Denis Potvin, the contest winner last season, rallying his suffering teammates with a couple of Orr-style bursts for goals. And there was that transmutate from Montreal, large Larry Robinson intimidating the enemy by his mere presence on the ice, Guy Lapointe proving Orr's theory that the best defense is a good offense and Serge Savard playing the cool-headed captain of a tight ship.

While the real Orr watched on television from his Toronto hospital room, where he was recovering from Operation No. 6 on his ravaged left knee, the six imitation Orrs took charge—permanently in some cases, temporarily in others—of the Stanley Cup semifinals last week. What they also did was further complicate the nagging question of who, indeed, is "the new Orr."

Park, who as a New York Ranger never measured up to the "as good as Orr" label punned on him by the club's management, was routinely brilliant for Orr's old Bruins as they swept away the stunned Flyers in four straight games, finishing them off 3-0 Sunday night in Boston. Only a year ago the Flyers had routed the Bruins in the semifinals in five games. What happened? "Last year Park had just had a knee operation and was playing hurt," said Philadelphia Coach Fred Shero. "This year Park's healthy."

Park performed multiple chores for the Bruins, who, ironically, acquired him from the Rangers last season mainly as defense protection in the event that Orr should exercise his free-agent status and sign with some other club—which he did. Park played a minimum of 40 minutes a game in three of Boston's four wins, and in the other he was on the ice for more than 60 minutes as the teams bottled into a second period of sudden death before Terry O'Reilly's goal won Game Two for the Bruins after 90:07 of hockey.



Rangy and mean, Dailey (2) is the Flyers' answer to Robinson, but they had no answer for Boston.

"I need Park out there 40 minutes a game," says Boston Coach Don Cherry. "I sat down with him and asked him to change his style, to forget his end-to-end rushes, to forget individual recognition. Considering what we've asked him to do, and the help he's had, I don't think there's any question that Park's the best defenseman in the game."

Cherry gave Park the burden of breaking in a rookie defenseman, Colgate graduate Mike Milbury, who was born and raised in the Boston suburb of Walpole, and steadying a pair of cast-off defensemen, Gary Doak and Rick Smith. Confident that Park would be covering up for him, Milbury abandoned his defense position midway through the third pe-

riod of a tied Game Three Thursday night and bolted up ice with O'Reilly. Milbury skated for the net, and O'Reilly slid him a pass. The pass was slightly behind Milbury, but he reached back and, well, shanked the puck over Goaltender Wayne Stephenson's right shoulder to give the Bruins a 2-1 win.

Park, Milbury and company completely closed down the Philadelphia shooters in Game Four, holding them to a meager 21 shots at Cheevers, who yielded only one goal to the Flyers in the last 174 minutes of the series. Jean Ratelle, another ex-Ranger, gave Boston a 1-0 lead in the second period, and Don Marcotte scored a pair of insurance goals in the third.



In the Canadiens-Islanders confrontation, the Montreal Three—Robinson, Lapointe and Savard—ganged up on the outmanned Potvin and, after beating the Islanders 4-0 Saturday night at the Nassau Coliseum, the Canadiens returned home with a three-games-to-one lead. "How can one team have three defensemen like that?" asked the Islanders' confused Lorne Henning.

All three stand at least six feet tall and weigh at least 200 pounds. All three are extremely fast and mobile, and at the whim of Coach Scotty Bowman they occasionally take a shift on one of the wings. Robinson, in fact, regularly moves to a forward position on the Canadiens' power play and places his immovable body

at the goaltender's doorstep, where he can screen the goalie's vision and also pick harassed defensemen and force them out of the play.

"Those three guys do so many things, they make it easier for everyone else," says New York's J. P. Parise. "Except for Guy Lafleur and Steve Shutt and Jacques Lemaire, the Montreal forwards are a bunch of plumbers, just like us, but with those three defensemen on their side they can take a lot of chances."

Robinson, particularly, seems to be emerging as the prototype of an entirely new style of defenseman, someone with many of Orr's puck-handling traits, but also someone who can bruise bodies and play policeman when necessary. "It's like being both the quarterback and middle linebacker," says Shero.

Bowman maintains that the 6' 3", 210-pound Robinson is "the best body checker in the game." Robinson bounced so many Flyers into the boards during last season's Stanley Cup final that Philadelphia spent the next eight months putting together the deal that brought the 24-year-old Dailey from Vancouver in January. Dailey easily was the best Flyer against the Bruins. "Very simply, Dailey's a superstar, another Robinson," says Cherry. "Philadelphia should get arrested for grand theft for giving up so little to get him."

On the ice Robinson has the reach of a basketball center, and has become a craftsman with his stick. "You think you're safely around him," says New York's Billy Harris, "and suddenly this stick appears from nowhere and takes the puck away from you." Statistically, Robinson led NHL defensemen with 85 points this season, and his plus-minus rating was a spectacular plus-107, meaning that when Robinson was on the ice the Canadiens scored 107 more goals than they gave up. The next best defenseman in the ratings finished with a plus-47.

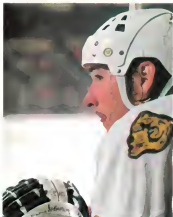
Robinson, Lapointe and Savard offered Goaltender Ken Dryden perfect protection in Game Two as the Canadiens broke through the Islanders' stiff defenses for three late goals and a 3-0 victory, giving them a two-games-to-nothing lead in the series.

Potvin was inconsequential in both games at Montreal, rarely rushing the puck and repeatedly losing it to the Canadiens' persistent forecheckers. Back on his home ice Thursday night, though, the 23-year-old Potvin silenced, at least

for the moment, those critics who claim he cannot singlehandedly lift his team in a big game. His performance was a microcosm of a turbulent season during which he has had frequent personality conflicts with his teammates. He made a bad clearing pass that Montreal instantly converted into a 1-0 lead, then atoned for his mistake by tying the score with a neat goal-mouth tip-in past Dryden. Minutes later Potvin made another bad clearing pass that Montreal turned into another instant goal and a 2-1 lead. But in the closing seconds of the first period Potvin got that goal back, too, beating Dryden from in close. Obviously aroused, Potvin helped the Islanders take command during the next two periods, and New York won impressively, 5-3.

There was nothing Potvin or anyone else could have done for the Islanders two nights later in Game Four. For the first nine minutes Robinson, Lapointe and Savard permitted few opponents to cross the Montreal blue line, while at the other end of the ice the Canadian forwards swarmed over Potvin and his teammates, forced countless careless passes and ripped three goals past Billy Smith. End of game.

And now, barring a miracle Islander revival, the Montreal Three will gang up on Brad Park in the finals. **END**



Rookie Milbury counts on Park's know-how

SOUTH AMERICA TAKES IT AWAY

For the fourth time in 11 years a South American team spoiled America's Davis Cup hopes. Led by Guillermo Vilas, one of the biggest names in his country since Juan Perón, and supported by unheralded Ricardo Cano, Argentina dumped the U.S. 3-2

by Walter Bingham

Relax, America, it's not as if it never happened before. If Brazil, Ecuador and Colombia could all do it within the last 11 years, why should it come as a surprise that Argentina, led by Guillermo Vilas, bounced the U.S. out of the Davis Cup, 1977? When you have to travel 6,000 miles on short notice and play on the other guy's turf—a soft red clay he grew up on—before a screaming, drum-beating crowd that makes you feel like Illinois at Ohio State, even a Ricardo Cano

can begin to look like Bill Tilden.

The coup de grâce came on Sunday when Vilas beat Dick Stockton in four sets to make it 3-1 Argentina, but the drum rolls started on Friday, when Cano joined Edison Mandarino, Miguel Olivera, Jairo Velasco and Ivan Molina, some of the giant killers who have turned South America into a graveyard for U.S. cup teams. Cano is 25, stocky and ranked 61st on the world list. In other words, beatable. But not Friday at the Buenos

Aires Lawn—that's right, lawn—Tennis Club. Not with his wife, mother, father and two brothers joining a crowd of 5,500 to chant "Cano, Cano, Cano" every time Ricardo did something splendid. "Silencio, por favor," called the umpire repeatedly, wasting his breath.

The U.S. team had figured that Cano was the key to victory. Beat him twice, win the doubles and it wouldn't matter how gloriously Vilas performed. Captain Tony Trabert was pleased with the draw—Stockton against what figured to be a nervous Cano in the opening match, then Brian Gottfried, hot all year, against Vilas, whom he had defeated in their last two meetings. Go to bed Friday night leading 2-0. Sweet dreams.

Cano was indeed nervous. "At the start, the middle and the end," he said later. Stockton's first serve was an ace. He won the game at love. He broke Cano's serve and won his own again. After three games Cano had won two points. The drum in the bleachers was silent. Cano won a game, giving the crowd hope, but Stockton was hitting hard, and he closed out the first set 6-3. It hadn't taken long. Everything was going to plan.

Remarkably, that was the only set the U.S. was to win all day. Cano began to hit shots that had the crowd yelling, "Toque, toque," meaning good touch. This was his home—slow clay—and he began to respond to the challenge.

The crowd didn't know it, Cano didn't know it, but Stockton was in pain. In the third game of the second set he injured his back, a chronic problem for him. He wears a brace, and when he volunteered to play in place of Harold Solomon, who had to withdraw just before the competition, he warned that his back might act up.

Cano won the second set 6-4. In the middle of it he swept eight straight points that had everyone in the stadium clapping to the beat of the drum. "Silencio,

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIK SCHNEIDER



Vilas, as his countrymen call him, gave his U.S. opponents—Gottfried and Stockton—the willies

por favor." The third set seasawed until Stockton led 5-4, serving. Cano ripped through four straight points, broke him at love and won 8-6. Cano won the fourth set 6-4, the match ending in frenzy with fans flooding the courts and Cano heading for the dressing room.

It was easily the most important win of his life. Friends pushed through to shake his hand, and presently his wife Claudia appeared at the edge of the crowd. Ricardo Cano may have been 61st on the world list, but in Buenos Aires at that moment he was *número uno*. Well, make it *dos*. For even as Claudia was giving him a hug, a roar from the stadium crowd above announced that Vilas had entered the arena.

In Argentina 24-year-old Guillermo Vilas is, with the possible exceptions of Carlos Monzon, the middleweight champion, and Jorge Luis Borges, the writer, the most famous person in the country. Willie, they call him. Swarthy, muscular, thick-chested, his long hair kept in place by a headband, he is Argentine tennis.

Vilas had had a hard time warming up. A swarm of kids surrounded him as he was hitting on an outside court, threatening to take his racket, his headband, finally forcing him to flee. Inside the stadium he was more secure. If center court in Buenos Aires is home for Cano, it is heaven for Vilas. Going into the match he had not lost in singles there since 1973—some 30 victories in a row.

The U.S. contingent had hoped that Gottfried would break that string. Now it needed him to desperately. Instead, what followed was a nightmare. Gottfried was never able to settle into the match, hitting the ball all over the stadium. Too often after serving he would take the return, drive it to Vilas' backhand and approach the net. *Adios, amigo*. The left-handed Vilas, with the best backhand in the game since Rosewall was younger and winning, would simply rocket the ball past the onrushing Gottfried.

The first set was a respectable 6-4, but then Gottfried's world collapsed. Vilas won 6-0, 6-2, showing the appreciative crowd his entire arsenal of shots—big serves, delicate slices and, most of all, topspins that had Gottfried hitting the ball off his chin. Vilas was the champion, Gottfried the sparring partner.

So where was Jimmy Connors on Friday, you ask? Indeed, the Argentines themselves were wondering, disappoint-



Playing on his home turf and to the beat of a drum in the stands, Cano won his biggest match ever

ed by his absence even though it might have meant a different result. Well, Jimmy was in Vegas playing for the big bucks, but no one on the U.S. team held that against him this time, because Connors has a contract with Caesars Palace, where the tournament was held. Other absences have been harder to take.

Trabert left the U.S. thinking he had two clay court specialists, Solomon and Eddie Dibbs, to play singles along with a doubles team of Sherwood Stewart and Freddy McNeil, but when Trabert arrived in Buenos Aires he learned that Solomon was sick, and Dibbs, well, Eddie was too tired.

To their credit, Stockton and Gottfried pulled out of the Vegas tournament and a chance at the \$50,000 first prize and burned to Argentina for \$1,000 plus expenses. The Argentina Tennis Federation paid Vilas \$5,000, and even that is small change compared to what Sweden pays Bjorn Borg for a year's worth of Davis Cup play—\$100,000. He gets that even if Sweden should lose in the first round, which it did this year.

On Saturday, Stewart and McNeil won a ho-hum doubles match to make it 2-1, but they did not beat Vilas. Fearing

some freak injury, Argentine Captain Oscar Furlong chose Cano and Elio Alvarez, and they were simply not in the same class with the U.S. pair, soft clay or not, losing 6-3, 6-4, 6-3. The Argentine crowd wasn't disheartened. Sunday, they felt, would be their day.

And so it was, but not without a struggle. Stockton, strapped tight and full of an assortment of pain-killers, played almost errorless tennis to take the first set 7-5. But Vilas gradually wore him down, winning the match and the deciding point for Argentina 6-2, 6-2, 6-2, scores that do not indicate the closeness and intensity of the play.

With the final point Vilas disappeared under a sea of fans only to bob up again on their shoulders. He was carried full circle around the arena, passing the box of President Jorge Rafael Videla on the way. Both men saluted each other. The man in the box may have been a president, but the man on the shoulders of the crowd was a king.

The final score became 3-2 when Cano lost to Gottfried in the last match. Nobody minded. If it hadn't been for Cano, Vilas never would have gotten his ride around the stadium.

END

COUPLE OF BABES IN THE WOODS

Playoff neophytes Denver and Portland clashed in the NBA's most scenic series

by Garry Kirkpatrick

Depending upon which team you fancied, it was the Coming-of-Age Series or the Exposing-the-Myth Series or even the Series Nobody-Saw-Much-of-Outside-the-Picturesque-Wonderlands-of-Oregon-and-Colorado. In any case, it was a taut and exhausting competition that the Portland Trail Blazers and Denver Nuggets—hardly a couple of traditional rivals—waged last week in the semifinal playoffs of the NBA Western Conference.

While most TV attention was focused on the more glamorous pairings in the founding colonies (Philadelphia-Boston) and out on the California freeways (Los Angeles-Golden State) and even down along the Tex-Tax connection (Houston-Washington), the Portland vs. Denver matchup turned out to be the kind of classic struggle not ordinarily associated with such babes in the NBA playoff woods.

"Heart throbbers," Denver Coach Larry Brown called the games in which his team always seemed to be on the verge of winning until some strange shot or official's call or mental breakdown proved to be the Nuggets' undoing.

Indeed, though Portland led the series 3-2 after losing to the Nuggets in Denver Sunday, the situation easily might have been reversed, so well-balanced and evenly matched were the ad-



versaries. The difference was that the young Trail Blazers seemed to grow and gain poise and confidence—not to mention the respect engendered by the terrifying gaze of their 6'9" Forward Maurice Lucas—while, until the fifth game, the Nuggets unraveled and turned to fool's gold amid injuries, self-doubt and the internal bickering that Brown had tried so hard to prevent.

The imposing presence of Lucas, who has had the best year of any power forward in the NBA, influenced the series even before it started. In the regular season Big Luke averaged 23.5 points and 13 rebounds against the Nuggets, so Brown juggled his lineup, moving David Thompson to the backcourt and inserting veteran Paul Silas in the corner to cope with Lucas.

But in Game One in Denver, Lucas found Silas no hindrance, scoring 11 baskets and taking down 13 rebounds. Indeed, in the final minutes the assignment of containing Lucas was given to Dan Issel. Nonetheless, with 11 seconds remaining Portland trailed by a point. Thompson had just blown two chances to clinch the game, first by missing two free throws, then by whipping a pass out of bounds. Well, if the Nuggets didn't want it, Lucas would take it.

The Portland play was set up for Dave Twardzik to cut back door. Lucas didn't even glance his way. He backed-in Issel toward the basket, turned and sank a line-drive 14-footer that won the game 101-100.

Afterward, Blazer Coach Jack Ramsay quipped the uproarious Portland locker room for his usual serious dissertation. Then he said, "First, Luke gets fined \$50 for not running the play." The Blazers broke up.

Lucas arrived in the NBA this season following a stormy career, in which he went from Schenley High in Pittsburgh to Marquette University to St. Louis and Kentucky of the ABA and, finally, to a hillside house in southwest Portland, where he resides with his stunning wife Rita, a graduate of Harvard's John F. Kennedy School of Government and an assistant director of computer services for the city.

Lucas' reputation as a dukes-up intimidator—considerably enhanced in the

mini-series with the Chicago Bulls when he punched out a trainer and nearly strangled a referee by pulling his whistle chain—as well as the fact that he plays second banana to Bill Walton, have kept him from being acclaimed as a superstar. As he says, somewhat paradoxically, "I'm no crazy boxing madman, but I just want them to know Luke is out boxing chops. If I had this kind of year in New York, I'd be governor."

Lucas had this kind of second game against the Nuggets: 13 for 17 from the floor and 29 points. Though Denver won, with Issel scoring 36, the 121-110 score was deceiving in that the Nuggets shot 39 free throws to the Blazers' 15, and Walton fouled out with 7:36 to go after two surprising calls.

As the series moved to Portland, however, Denver's problems multiplied. Both teams like to run and play tight, aggressive defense, but the Nuggets' defense is based on overplaying the passing lanes and keeping the ball away from key people. But they could not keep it away from Walton, and when he got it they could not cheat on his receivers, because Walton is the league's best passing center.

In Game Three Thompson scored 40 points, but Issel, hobbled by an infected toe, was not a factor. Lucas, who had 27 before fouling out, was not around when the turning point came on a play the Nuggets seem unable to make in pressure situations—when they are behind, say, 108-106 with 15 seconds left.

That was the situation when Denver's Jim Price, racing to the attack on a three-on-one fast break for the tying goal, fumbled the ball. Walton alertly recovered it and quickly passed off for a Twardzik-to-Herni Gilliam layup, which sealed a 110-106 victory.

In Game Four, Issel still was immobilized, and Thompson got a couple of odd early foul calls, after which the Denver star raged and swore, was hit with a technical and played pitifully the rest of the evening.

More? Portland's Bob Gross threw a behind-the-head pass to Walton that miraculously went in the basket for two of Gross' 25 points. At one stretch in the fourth quarter the Blazers had possession of the ball for nearly two minutes, taking seven shots (none went in) Portland pulled away in the closing minutes for a 105-96 win.

"It must be the fates," Brown said of the preceding activity.

But solid teams make their own breaks. During the regular season the Nuggets were 4-14 in games decided by five points or less; now they were in obvious disarray.

Brown complained he had nobody who wanted the ball in the clutch except Thompson. "After this thing is over, I'm backing the truck up," he said, hinting at wholesale housecleaning. The truth is Denver already had traded away most of its character, only to get big-money malcontents in return. Silas and others have been critical of Brown since mid-season. Mack Calvin and Brown were bickering even during the Nugget guard's 28-point effort in Game Four.

"The spirit isn't here anymore," said Forward Bobby Jones, who was struggling through his own poor series.

"We've just got to suck it up," said Brown. "We're in the dance to die now."

Renewed spirit, the twists of fate and a more normal, smaller lineup prevailed on Sunday when the high-flying Thompson, back at forward where he surely belongs, had 18 points at the half and 27 of his game-high 31 after three quarters. By that time Denver, which had been in command all the way, led 83-77. Walton and Gross were in desperate foul straits and Lucas was wandering through a puzzling malaise on the way to a nine for 23 shooting afternoon. Worse for the Blazers, Twardzik, the spark and soul of the backcourt, suffered a severe ankle sprain in the third period and was taken to the hospital.

With nine minutes to go Denver led by 10, but Gilliam, subbing for Twardzik, brought Portland back. With less than two minutes left, the gap was just five. The pattern seemed familiar (Thompson kept thinking, "What is this? Here we go collapsing again"), except that this time the score was tied at 101 at the buzzer. But now, instead of folding up in a close game—as they had all year, as they had all series, as they just had in the final minutes of regulation—the Nuggets scored out into the overtime. Thompson scored right away, Issel tallied nine points and had two key rebounds (his totals were 23 and 18). Reserve Center Marvin Webster blanketed Lucas with stiff defense, and Denver won 114-105. "Maybe we've got something left," said Brown, facing the prospect of having to meet the Blazers again in Portland the following night. "It will be fun to see what the Nuggets are made of now."

END

Lucas drives to the basket on Silas, who had his hands full against the "chop-busting" forward



A NEW GENERATION OF BLUES FANS

While the Olympians seemed to be suffering a post-Montreal letdown at the Drake Relays, a couple of unknowns took the opportunity to serve notice that the established stars better not stay down in the dumps for too long **by Joe Marshall**

Beware the Post-Olympic Blues, a malady that reduces track and field athletes to talk of settling down to sell insurance or buying real estate. The symptoms were evident at last weekend's Drake Relays in Des Moines, Iowa.

There is, however, one breed of track athlete immune to the Post-Olympic Blues, the sprinter. He doesn't have time for them. So while the rest of the track world has been clearing out the cobwebs, Auburn's Harvey Glance and Texas' Johnny Jones have been taking shots at the world record for 100 meters. They squared off at Drake for the first time this year in what was supposed to be the highlight of the young outdoor season. It wasn't. Jones, understandably looking tired, edged Glance, who was bothered by a leg injury. Unfortunately, a Florida State hurdler named Mike Robertson beat both of them. That's what you call the Drake Relays Blues.

Glance and Jones weren't the only

ones suffering from them. The previous day Mike Bolt and Rick Wohlhueter battled for 799 meters of an 800-meter race, only to be passed at the tape by a he-spectacled junior from Oklahoma named Randy Wilson. Let's hit it for another chorus of those Drake Relays Blues.

Interest in the duel between Glance and Jones had been building since the Texas Relays five weeks ago when Jones equaled the 100-meter hand-timed world record of 9.9. Last year the IAAF decided that henceforth only electrically recorded times would count for world records in events up to and including 400 meters. There was electric timing at the Texas Relays but it didn't work. The three backup watches caught Jones at 9.80, 9.85 and 9.94, and for a while it was reported that Jones had run a world record, breaking Jim Hines' electrically timed 9.95 (You throw out the high and low watch and round off the middle one to the nearest tenth.)

Then, a week later, Glance ran a 9.8 hand-timed 100 meters at Auburn. There was electric timing at Auburn also and it didn't work there either. So much for the two best sprints of the year. Electric timing may not only have replaced hand timing, it may also have replaced world records. The backup watches at Auburn got Glance in 9.69, 9.75 and 9.8, which meant the first hand-timed 9.8 in history. The IAAF rule regarding the switch to electric time is foggy, it being unclear whether the change had already taken effect when Jones and Glance performed or wasn't scheduled to take effect until May 1. In the latter case Glance would have the 100-meter record. In either case Jones has nothing. When asked about the situation he said, "I'm more confused about timing than anything else." Amen.

Jones won his duel with 100 meter rival Glance but, away from the action, Robertson won the race

Boit (right) and Wohlhuter were so busy eyeing each other that Wilson got by on the outside

Strength is a key to both Jones' and Glance's success. "I don't believe speed builds speed," says Texas Coach Cleburne Price. "I think strength builds speed." Accordingly, he trains Jones, a running back last football season, as he would a quarter-miler. Glance also believes in strength, but with him it is upper body strength. He is a weight lifter, a 5' 7½" 148-pounder who can bench-press 325 pounds. "When I run against taller sprinters, I need something to compensate for those taller legs," he says. "When they put their legs on me, I put my arms on them. The faster you pump your arms the faster your legs move. You need strength in your arms to pump them hard for 100 meters."

Glance also has spring in his legs (he has a 25" 9¼" long jump this year). However, there wasn't much in his legs last Saturday but a knot. While anchoring a winning 880-yard relay team on Friday—and outrunning Jones in the process—he felt a spasm in his right thigh. He iced down the thigh overnight but couldn't shake the pain while warming up on Saturday. "I knew I shouldn't run," he admitted afterward, stretched out on a training table with an ice pack on his thigh, "but the people came to see me and I didn't want to let them down."

Meanwhile, Jones, as anchor man on

three relay teams, was taking part in seven races. When he got to the line for the sixth of them, the sprint against Glance, a 5.8-mph headwind was blowing at them. Glance burst out of the blocks first, but Jones passed him near the finish. Unnoticed in an outside lane, Roberson led most of the way to win in a slow 10.53. Jones did 10.58, Glance 10.61. Naturally, the electric timing worked.

Roberson had raced Jones and Glance before, beating Jones in the 100 and 200 meters in a quadrangular meet at LSU two weeks earlier and tying Glance's 10-flat time while losing to him in a dual meet a week earlier. Roberson is primarily a hurdler, co-holder of the national high school record for 120-yard hurdles (13.2), and will return to his specialty for the rest of the season. A sophomore, he has been sprinting merely to quicken his pace for the 400-meter relay.

While Roberson may fade out of the sprint scene, young Randy Wilson could become a fixture at 800 meters. For the last few years 800-meter races in this country have been the province of Wohlhuter and Kenyan Boit, a graduate student at Stanford. They figured to have last Friday's race pretty much to themselves despite the fact that Wohlhuter, the bronze medalist at Montreal and the world record holder for 880 yards (1:44.1), admits he has been training less this season because he is trying to get his life-insurance career going. "I want to build equity in business as well as on the

track" is the way he puts it. He and Boit led the whole way, the latter a step ahead and to the inside. Boit could feel Wohlhuter behind him; Wohlhuter was watching Boit. "I was pulling up on Boit," said Wohlhuter, "when suddenly I looked the other way and—whoomp!"—that tall kid passed me. Randy Walker, is that his name? No, Randy Wilson."

Wilson, who went to high school in Knoxville, Iowa, 35 miles from Des Moines, got a rousing reception. His teammates mobbed him. His wife leaped out of the stands to kiss him. Boit came over and said to him, "You have a very good kick." Then Boit and Wohlhuter jogged off together, asking each other, "Who was that guy?"

Wilson's 1:46.06 beat Boit by .07, Wohlhuter by .09 and his own previous best by three full seconds. Wilson also anchored Oklahoma to a win in the sprint medley relay, and he won the meet's Outstanding Performer award. He could also have won an award for candor.

Asked to reveal his 800-meter strategy, he replied, "I was shooting to finish right behind Boit and Wohlhuter. I just wanted to get a good time, in the mid-1:47s. About 10 yards from the finish I pulled even with them, and they didn't seem to pick up the pace. I expected them to leave me. I thought something was wrong. But Wohlhuter and Boit are still stores above my head."

Wilson also revealed that he has a superstition about eating spaghetti the

continued



night before a big race. Normally his wife cooks it, but she had been visiting her hometown the night before, so Wilson went to a restaurant. That says something else about him. He has a cast-iron stomach. Javelin thrower Richard George ate at the same restaurant, was sick all night and couldn't compete.

Not all the top-name performers were embarrassed. Francine Larrieu Lutz continued her winning ways. Back in September she wasn't sure she was going to run this year, but then she and her husband, sprinter Mark Lutz, decided to compete so they could spend the summer together on the European circuit. Francine went on to win all 13 of her 1977

indoor races. Mark, meanwhile, quit running. Now Francine says she is too hooked to stop. Saturday she broke her own 1,500-meter meet record by more than three seconds with a 4:15.66.

Mac Wilkins, the Montreal discus gold medalist, and Al Feuerbach finished one-two in the shotput. They have recently moved into a house Feuerbach bought in the Santa Cruz Mountains near San Jose, complete with a shotput landing area and a garage converted into a weight room. These were their first two considerations in house hunting. Did they bother to look inside the houses they visited? "Only when it was convenient," said Feuerbach. "It's a matter of priorities."

explained Wilkins. "Some people need a big car. Some need a sunken bathtub. Some need a shotput landing area."

Feuerbach took the trouble to recite some lyrics he has written to accompany his guitar playing. A favorite is *Shotput Blues*. With verses like:

I gotta girl but she don't know

The difference between the shotput and the javelin throw.

So let it rain and let it pour, I ain't gonna throw the shot no more.

He threw the shot 65' 2" at Drake, but Wilkins threw it eight inches farther to beat him. Perhaps that will inspire Feuerbach to write some lyrics for that old favorite, the Drake Relays Blues.

THE OLD ORDER HOLDS AT PENN

by Anita Verschoth

As Philadelphia's pro teams were slugging it out in the NBA and NHL playoffs, 29,647 spectators took last Saturday off and went to Franklin Field to watch the finals of the 83rd Penn Relay Carnival. They were rewarded with some sizzling competition and, unlike those other track fans in Des Moines, they saw

some Olympians produce the most heat. Leading the way was Herman Frazier, the 22-year-old 400-meter bronze medalist at Montreal, who ran anchor for Arizona State on all three of its winning relays—400, 800 and 1,600 meters—which were good for a world record, a college mark and a triple that had not been accomplished at Penn since 1952.

In the 800-meter relay the Sun Devils

set their world record of 1:21.4, lowering by .1 second the mark shared by Tennessee and Italy. Perhaps more surprising, considering that two of Frazier's teammates, Tony Darden and Gerald Burl, also ran in all three relays, was Arizona State's collegiate record in the 1,600, the final running event of the day. They clocked a 3:01.9, bettering their own mark by .9 of a second.

Favorites also rose to the occasion in two individual events. One was the men's 100-meter dash, in which local hero Steve Riddick faced Steve Williams and Don Quarrie, the Olympic 200-meter gold medalist. The other was the Ben Franklin Mile, which featured a battle among Wilson Waigwa of Kenya and Texas-El Paso, who won the race in 1975, Paul Cummings, the defending Penn Relay champion, and Steve Scott, the 20-year-old junior from the University of California at Irvine who has emerged as America's top new miler.

For Riddick and Scott, the Penn Relays were especially significant, providing the first big test for each after successful indoor seasons. Riddick, a gold medal relayist at Montreal who had dominated the sprints all winter, met the challenge in stride. He took the lead after 10 meters and won in 10.31, to Williams' 10.33 and Quarrie's 10.34. "Winning is more important to me than the time," said Riddick. "I'm still sharpening up."

For Scott, running a fast time had to suffice. "I doubt that winning the race will take anything less than a 3:53 or 3:54," he had said beforehand, and he proved to be right.



Scott (center) thought his experiment might have worked, then Waigwa roared by with his big kick

continued

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Last January, Scott wangled an invitation to the Sunkist meet in Los Angeles by promising he would act as a rabbit. He finished third. "After the Sunkist," he said, "I decided that I would never be a rabbit again." Five weeks later in the San Diego indoor track meet, he came in a surprise second to Waigwa in 3:56.5. Then, early in March, in the Meet of Champions at Irvine, he broke four minutes for the first time in an outdoor mile, clocking a 3:57.8, and less than a hour later he ran the 800 meters in 1:48.1.

Scott led from the start in Philadelphia, burning the first quarter in 58.6 and passing the half in 1:58.4, with only Ron Speirs of the New York Athletic Club and Cummings in close pursuit. Waigwa, as usual, provided the suspense as he trailed in ninth and last place, as many as 30 yards back. Then, with 600 yards to go, Waigwa began to move up. Cummings took the lead before the gun lap, being clocked in 2:58.1 for three-quarters, but Waigwa was in fourth, ready to strike. The Kenyan's final burst recalled the finishes of his countryman, Kap Keino, except that he did not fling a cap when he started his sprint. Instead he simply swept past Speirs, Scott and Cummings on the last turn and finished in 3:53.8, having run the last quarter in 54.9. Scott finished second in 3:55.1 and Steve Foster of the Florida Athletic Association, a foot behind, was third in the same time. Speirs, Cummings and Ray Flynn of Eastern Tennessee State also were under four minutes.

Waigwa may be the hottest miler from Kenya, but Scott, four years his junior, is clearly the brightest prospect for the U.S. since Tony Waldrop dropped out of sight. "If you lose to Waigwa," said Scott after the race, "you're not losing to a slouch. I'm still experimenting. I was trying to take it out faster, hoping to take the kick out of him, but I wasn't able to. Waigwa never tightens up, and he's always confident he can get you. At the end it was as if he were running a 220-yard dash."

Later this month Scott looks forward to some experimenting when he races against Filbert Bayi, a much more famous front-runner, in Kingston, Jamaica. How does it feel to be billed as America's top miler? "I haven't proven myself yet," says Scott. But as his first major outdoor performance indicates, he is certainly building up a strong case.

END

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Information: there's growing agreement

Human history has long been described in terms of Ages whose names reflect the stages of development through which mankind has passed: the Stone Age, the Bronze Age, the Iron Age and so on—down to the Industrial Age, which established the foundations of our modern society.

Today, there is growing agreement that we have entered a new era, a post-industrial stage of development in which the ability to put information to use has become critical, not only to the essential production of goods, but to efforts to provide a better life for the individual, as well.

This new era is being referred to with increasing frequency as the Information Age.

Information in the Information Age

Changes in our perception of information itself—its nature as well as its scope—have accompanied this profound shift of emphasis in our society.

Much has been written about the so-called “information explosion.” It has been pointed out, for example, that the number of technical journals published throughout the world today exceeds 100,000, and that the total body of technical information is now doubling every ten years.

At the same time as the volume of information has been increasing dramatically, our understanding of the meaning of the term information itself has also broadened—to encompass a wide variety of timely data relating to “how things really are” across the whole spectrum of human activity.

A heartbeat, for example, can be extremely meaningful information when recorded and analyzed on sophisticated electrocardiogram equipment. So can electrical impulses reflecting the load level in a power network, or numeric digits representing the availability of a seat for you on an airplane—when processed by a modern computer.

These and a wide range of similar types of data are clearly recognized today as information, the kind of information on which we increasingly de-

that it's the name of the age we live in.

pend for the growth and health of our economy, the smooth functioning of our institutions—and, even more important, for the quality of our individual lives.

Information—an inexhaustible resource

Information is one of the few resources not in danger of exhaustion on this shrinking planet. It is unique because the supply is limitless, because it actually becomes more valuable with use and because—when properly managed and applied—it can greatly enhance our use of all our other resources, natural, human and economic.

One reason, of course, that information has proved to be such a dynamic resource is the fact that there exists today a remarkable technological capacity for dealing with it rapidly and effectively.

Through a vast array of electronic tools and techniques, mankind is able to accumulate, organize, store, interpret, retrieve and transmit information on a worldwide scale, in a volume, at a speed, and with an accuracy that would have been impossible barely two decades ago.

It is also a technology that continues to grow and that has proved to be amazingly efficient in economic terms. As advance has followed advance, the cost of processing information has steadily declined. Since the 1950's, the cost of performing 100,000 calculations on an IBM computer has fallen from \$1.26 to less than one cent—and the downward trend continues.

Putting information to work for people

IBM makes many different products—from computers to copiers—but clearly, the essence of our business is information.

As a company, we are committed to exploring the limits of technology to find better, more imaginative and more productive ways to help put the benefits of this uniquely valuable resource to work for people.



At one time or another nearly every thoroughbred throws in a baffling race. There is no excuse, no explanation for the dismal showing. Such a performance can occur anytime, but when it happens 20 days before the Kentucky Derby, with a purse of \$227,500 on the line, the failure is magnified and the alarm to those around the horse is understandable. On April 17, For The Moment entered the starting gate for the Hollywood Derby with a record that included no finish worse than second in 10 starts. The horse had trained perfectly for the race. Furthermore, he was Honest Pleasure's little brother and in the previous season had won the prestigious Cowdin and Belmont Futurity to stand close to the top of his generation.

But that afternoon at Hollywood Park For The Moment finished a wretched seventh, and the colt's owners (Gerald Robins, Tim Sams and Peter Fuller), his trainer (LeRoy Jolley) and jockey (Angel Cordero Jr.) still cannot explain why. The colt was well placed throughout and free of trouble. But they didn't give up on their horse, and because they didn't the 103rd Kentucky Derby could turn out to be something more than a canter for Seattle Slew.

Last Thursday, For The Moment won the \$119,350 Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland, finding the burgoon-like going to his taste. Behind him were 10 Derby hopefuls. For The Moment broke swiftly, knocked off multiple-stakes winner Ruthie's Native handily and scored by nearly two lengths. "This was not like the Hollywood Derby," Cordero said. "This is another horse."

For The Moment certainly looked different as he stood in the Blue Grass walking ring. Jolley had equipped the colt with blinkers for the first time. "I had thought all along that For The Moment was a blinker horse," Jolley said after the Blue Grass, "but he had run so well without them that I didn't bother to use them. Why change equipment when things are going good, and until the Hollywood Derby the horse hadn't really run a bad race. Maybe he didn't like the track that day. I don't know. But it was the kind of race that indicated something should be done. Before the Blue Grass we worked him in blinkers, and it seemed to perk him up."

FOR THE MOMENT, ON THE SCENT OF ROSES

Come Kentucky Derby Day, the chestnut colt may be thoroughly outclassed by Seattle Slew, but until then the owners of the Blue Grass victor can have high hopes

by William Leggett

Blinkers keep an animal's concentration focused on the task ahead. In earlier times—and in Europe to this day—they were a last resort, only being put on horses that were rogues or fainthearted. In the U.S. they are no longer considered badges of bad conduct. In truth they often serve a good purpose—making a horse try harder—which For The Moment will certainly have to do to win this Saturday's Kentucky Derby.

He and Seattle Slew have met once, in the Champagne Stakes last fall at Belmont. The race was Slew's first stakes appearance and he outran For The Moment by nearly 10 lengths. "It was a mismatch," Jolley says. "I'm a big fan of Seattle Slew's, he might be a super horse still, I've got to try him again."

As part owner (12½%) of For The Moment, Boston's Peter Fuller returns with a Derby starter for the first time since 1968, the year his Danzer's Image won the race but lost the purse when Butazolidin was found in the colt's analyses. It took the state of Kentucky nearly two years to straighten out that mess and declare the second colt across the line, Forward Pass, the winner. Ironically, the state now allows horsemen to use Bute and it is no secret that it has aided Derby starters since.

Traditionally, the Derby draws a star-studded field of humans as well as horses, and this year there will be as many baseball celebrities in attendance as one can find in a courtroom. Commissioner Bowie Kuhn is expected, as are Hall of Famer Stan Musial, Yankee owner George Steinbrenner (who has an entry named Steve's Friend) and Charles O. Finley of the A's. As part of last week's trade that brought 20-game winner Mike Torrez to New York from Oakland, Steinbrenner threw in two box seats for Finley at the Derby and gave Charlie O. the right to

lead Steve's Friend out of the winner's circle should the colt end up there.

If Finley wants his moment in the sun, he might well sign a deal with some other owners, like Golden Chance Farm, whose Run Dusty Run was second in the Blue Grass. The colt is a street fighter who has been to the races 14 times and finished first or second in 13 of them. Run Dusty is from the last U.S. crop of Dust Commander, the 1970 Derby winner, who is now at stud in Japan.

Western Wind is another colt to consider. He is improving and was third in the Blue Grass despite being in trouble much of the way. And last Saturday at Churchill Downs, one of the best-named of the 3-year-olds earned his way into the race by winning the one-mile Steppong Stone Purse. The colt is by Silver Screen from The Garden Club and is called Nostalgia.

Unfortunately for those who want a made-in-Hollywood finish, Steve Cauthen, the nation's sensational apprentice jockey, is without a Derby mount. So, too, is Willie Shoemaker, who is having a remarkable season at the age of 45. Until last weekend it seemed that Shoe would ride Habatony, a late closer who won the Santa Anita Derby by passing 13 horses in a spectacular quarter-mile burst, but Habatony will remain on the West Coast. Should anything happen to the other scheduled riders—suspensions or injuries—Cauthen or Shoemaker might still find a mount.

But those who prefer to play jockeys, not horses, will find Cordero on For The Moment, the best bet to upset Jean Cruguet on Seattle Slew. The Puerto Rican rider has taken two of the last three Derbies. This time he is a rival of Trainer Laz Barrera, who last year gave him a leg up on Bold Forbes (whom the jockey dubbed the "Puerto Rican Roll-



Rigged out with blinkers, which kept him hustling, For The Moment slogged home ahead of the gritty Run Dusty Run and the unlucky Western Wind (on rail).

Royce"). On Saturday, Barrera will saddle Affilate, who ran second in the Hollywood Derby. For those who like long-priced Latin entries there is another colt to be considered in the Derby—Papeote. So far the gray has looked more like a 1948 Ford than a Rolls, having failed to win in nine starts.

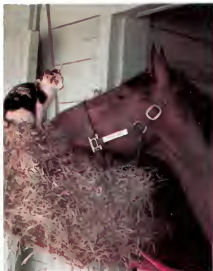
The odds on any colt winning the Run for the Roses are exceedingly long. Figuring them by the number of 3-year-olds registered, the odds this year are 27,793 to 1. Nevertheless, at week's end the Churchill Downs Race Book in Las Vegas was offering Seattle Slew at 1 to 5, meaning that a successful \$2 bet on Slew would pay a 40¢ profit. Indeed, the colt is so strong a favorite that in Vegas no place or show bets are being accepted on him. Should the same odds be reflected at Churchill Downs, Slew could be the shortest-priced Derby winner ever. Triple Crown victors Count Fleet and Citation paid \$2.80 and share the record

for the lowest Derby payoff. Secretariat returned \$5. Fifteen of 28 odds-on favorites have won Derbies, but five of the last eight have failed.

Seattle Slew may indeed be an extraordinary thoroughbred, deserving of all the money and praise being bestowed on him. Or he may be just a good horse facing weak opposition. The day that For The Moment ran so poorly in the Hollywood Derby, Trainer Charlie Whittingham gave his opinion about judging classic colts before the Triple Crown races. Whittingham has handled more than 270 stakes winners and has led the nation in earnings for five of the past seven years. "Racetrackers do the same thing every spring," he said. "It's in their blood. Come April they declare, 'This is a bad bunch of 3-year-olds.' It's part of the knocking game. But by the end of the season the same people are saying, 'Those horses weren't nearly as bad as everybody thought. Look what they did.'"

What Seattle Slew has to do next Saturday is handle the tight, confining paddock at the Downs without getting stirred up, then go onto the track and face that cacophony of yelling people and blaring bands, and finally drive through the eerie "Wall of Noise" at the top of the stretch caused by the shouting masses. And, oh yes, he has to prove that he can run a mile and a quarter with harassment every step of the way. The undefeated Slew has had fewer starts (six) than any of the other certain runners in the race, and a tactic that has been used against him before—that of opposing jockeys screaming at him during the course of a race—is certain to be employed again. But if you come home in front at 27,793 to 1, you've got to be something very special—and if you come out rolling a seven, you are more than just lucky.

Turn the page for a shod row look at some Derby starters that you might draw in your office pool

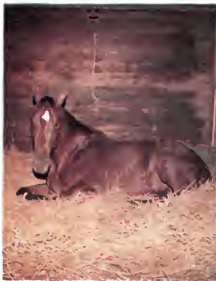


Ruthie's Native (14 to 1) is pony-sized and brown. He had four victories early in the season but has not been the cat's meow since stepping on a nail.



Sir Sir (40 to 1) was unlucky at birth. His dam stepped on his right hind ankle, deforming it. He's always scrubbed "At least the rest of him can look beautiful," his groom says.

WHAT'S A HORSE

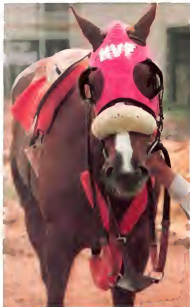


For The Moment (15 to 1) would be down on the job given the chance. He may be Slew's toughest foe, but his trainer says, "There's no great accomplishment in breaking second."



TO DO WHILE WAITING FOR...

He eats, he sleeps, he's scrubbed and grazed. And chances are he's somebody's pet, for to have a Derby colt is the next thing to Nirvana for most owners



Athlete (25 to 1) used to have tiny holes in his blinkers so he could see his feet. He did not see them well enough, so the holes were enlarged

Papelote (50 to 1) is the Latin long shot, whose name means "big piece of paper." Even his handlers expect him to be blown away

Giboulee (8 to 1) is Canadian bred and also has a fitting name. A loose translation of the French is "ice storm." The colt has a frigid personality



SEATTLE SLEW?





Coned Silver (15 to 1) is not money in the bank but a sterling prospect for a creditable Derby finish. He hankers for dandelions, offered here by Trainer Timmy Pooles

Nisselgia (40 to 1) made hearts flutter with a win on the Stepping Stone. The colt is "loud as a bell of brass," his trainer says, which recommends him



Steve's Friend (10 to 1) is owned by Yankee boss George Steinbrenner, but Charlie Finley claims he'll lead the horse from the winner's circle if the occasion should arise



A GUNNYSACK THAT'S FULL OF QUIRKS

A horseman never commits suicide," says owner Nathan Perlmutter, "because there's always tomorrow." Yet the dominance of Seattle Slew over this year's 3-year-olds is testing the resolve of horsemen to abide by the conventional wisdom that no matter the adversity, life must go on.

Upwards of a dozen owners remain anxious to compete for second place in the Derby. Most, of course, don't admit that their goal is to be bridesmaid. In the world of horse racing, that would be unseemly rhetoric. Smiley Adams, who trains the Derby hopefuls Run Dusty Run and Bob's Dusty, says, "I like my chances as good as anybody else's, including Seattle Slew's." Later, questioned more closely about his horses, Adams said, "Well, they are better than two empty stalls."

Perhaps because first place in the Derby has already been spoken for (although Osvaldo Canet, trainer of Papilote, declares that "all the super horses get beat once"), interest focuses on the quirks, quaint stories and impossible dreams of a group of horses and horse people known as The Others. Or, if you're given to denision, The Fodder.

Nathan Perlmutter and his wife Ruth are members of Seattle Slew's supporting cast. They own Ruthie's Native, are not wealthy in horse-owner terms and, despite Ruthie's eighth-place finish in the Blue Grass, intend to start him in the Derby. He's the first and only racehorse in the Perlmutter barn, and Nate says, "It's fun for us because we have no calluses of experience over our emotions."

Perlmutter is an executive of the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith in

New York City; Mrs. Perlmutter, a sociologist who confesses her affection for do-good programs, went back to work to pay for Ruthie, his training, groceries and plane tickets.

They bought Ruthie's dam for \$15,000 and were offered \$17,500 for Ruthie when he was foaled. But, says Mrs. Perlmutter, "all of a sudden, it was like selling your child." Later, the offer was \$100,000, then \$400,000. "Everybody thought we were so very cool," says Perlmutter. "Actually, we were stunned." As the numbers grew to boxcar size, Mrs. Perlmutter considered it all—and cried, "I am the typical Jewish mother with this horse. I do everything but bring him chicken soup." So far this year, Ruthie has won \$158,315. Says Perlmutter, "This is like your son growing up to be a doctor. Isn't that what every parent wants?" When Ruthie's ability is questioned, Trainer Gene Jacobs sniffs, "He may not be a super horse, but he's my super horse."

While it appears Ruthie's Native will make the Derby, many others get right to the stable gate at Churchill Downs before calling it quits. Like Cathy's Reject, who was Derby-bound until he staggered to a sixth-place finish in the Blue Grass Sad, for Cathy would have been a sentimental choice. He bites, kicks, doesn't pay attention, has been known not to try and has a running style that leads friends to call him Tank. In other words, he's terribly human. He sports a big head in relation to his body and is thoroughly ugly.

Dr. and Mrs. Jack Lee of Tarzana, Calif., bought him for \$13,000 and sent in three names for approval, all of which were rejected. Then they tried to sell him at auction when the trainer reported that the horse's front and rear ends showed no evidence of cooperating with each other. Bidding stopped at \$3,000, so the Lees bought him back in disgust. Their daughter Cathy, 16, said, "I want this horse nobody wants." Ergo, the name. This year he has won nearly \$40,000 and thus has achieved a measure of beauty. But Nina Lee couldn't bring herself to send him to the Derby. "He's too nice a horse. I don't want to break his heart."

Then there's Western Wind, who likes

peppermint candy (it must be red and white striped) which he prefers to follow up with carrots—10 each day. But his main love is a 6-month-old dog, port Schnauzer, named Prudence, which he likes to nip on the ear or drag by the neck. Prudence suffers such indignities with good grace. Other Wind companions are a rooster (Ken) and a hen (Tucky) purchased for \$3 each to entertain him with their scratching.

Before winning the Illinois Derby, Flag Officer's main claim to fame was having kicked out a plate-glass window in Chicago after a race. He is an inveterate stall walker, so now his front feet are hobbled by a gunnysack. For those who believe in omens, Flag Officer was delayed a day getting to Churchill Downs when his van broke down.

For The Moment would have liked to have been stranded all week on the turnpike. "The only thing he likes better than a day off," says one observer, "is two days off." Moment's trainer, LeRoy Jolley, says, "Most of my good horses have worked good. I must admit it gave me a calmer feeling."

Jean L. Levesque, a Canadian, owns Gibeoule and Fort Prevel, both of whom figured to run in the Derby. But as a result of dismal Blue Grass performances, Fort Prevel will not start and Gibeoule has lost some backers. Gibeoule's off-track department is awful, and his trainer, Jacques Dumas, says, "Mostly he's a big, unruly bully." Like most everyone else, Levesque suspected Slew's dominance, which is why, in March, he offered owner Karen Taylor \$1.5 million for half interest in her horse. Turned down, he snuffed, "I'd like it if it were me."

Other promising 3-year-olds have fallen to injury or illness (among them, Royal Ski, who wrenched an ankle; Clev Er Teil, who fractured his knee; Cormorant, who got a fever) while others have dropped out because their talent called in sick. "Without Slew," says Affiliate's trainer, Laz Barrera, "the Derby is all even."

That is enough to make a Nathan Perlmutter hope "There is little in life," he says, "other than racing, that gives you a statistical chance to get to Nirvana."

—DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

His main trouble, says Duane Bobick, sprawled on the bed in a cluttered motel room 90 miles southeast of Los Angeles, is that he was born about 100 years too late. "I'm just like those old trappers," he says. "They weren't as interested in hunting the game as they were in seeing what was ahead over the next hill. That's me."

Bobick is a heavyweight fighter who has yet to trap any big game, his most impressive victory so far being one over the often-defeated Chuck Wepner. Ah, but look what lies over the next hill: Madison Square Garden and a nationally televised fight next week against third-ranked Ken Norton, one of the two fighters who have whipped Muhammad Ali. If Bobick should beat Norton, over the next hill might be a bout with Ali himself for the heavyweight championship.

Although the smart money says the sky is more likely to fall than Bobick is to beat Norton, these are heady days for a 26-year-old who has inched upward in the ranks during the last few years by fighting no-name opponents in places often lacking bright lights. Bobick will come out of the Garden with \$250,000; his biggest previous payday was \$50,000 for Wepner. All that cash for a man who has said, "I'm a fair boxer, a fair puncher, but I put it together and it works."

Put that another way: a white man who says he's not great, Bobick is that rare, endangered creature, a White Hope, and thus, under certain circumstances, potentially hot box office. The boxing world got pumped up over him before

the 1972 Munich Olympics. It seemed likely that Bobick would win a gold medal without breaking a sweat, then proceed to wow the professional fight game. But Cuban Teofilo Stevenson lousied up that scenario in the quarterfinals at Munich, and Bobick's career went into eclipse. Now he is back from the dark side of the moon.

From last January until the end of April, Bobick spent most of his days inside the former Beaumont (Calif.) High School, skipping rope, punching bags and bodies and in general trying to act as though it is no upset that he is going to be in the same ring with Norton, the man who broke Ali's jaw. Why should Norton fight Bobick? Norton's share of the purse—\$500,000—is reason enough. But there are others. "If Bobick and his people want to fight me, I guess they don't think much of me," Norton says. "I'm insulted." Norton's trainer, Bill Slayton, says, "We sure didn't want to fight anyone who could possibly beat us. Bobick was the safest one." In the Bobick camp, Trainer Eddie Futch, who used to be Norton's trainer, insists, "Boy, has Norton got a surprise coming."

In which case Norton would have a lot of company. Many believe that Bobick, despite his 38-0 professional record and No. 5 ranking, has some marshmallow in him. Typical of his critics is Don Riley, a columnist for the St. Paul Pioneer Press, who offers this analysis of how Bobick has gotten so far: "By beating old ladies, roundchee'd has-beens and clowns moonlighting in the Shrine Car-

cus." A manager says, "I have nothing against Bobick at all, except that he can't fight." Bobick himself says, "All I am is a dumb country boy who learned a few tricks of the city slickers." The main trick he learned is that you don't have to fight the biggies to be a biggie yourself. Since October 1975, Bobick's victories have come over Rochell Norris, Scrap Iron Johnson, Randy Neumann, Larry Middleton, Scott LeDoux, Bunny Johnson, Chuck Wepner and Young Sanford Houpe—a group that likely hasn't signed 50 autographs altogether.

Bobick doesn't flinch when the litany

HE'S NOT PRETTY, HE'S JUST PERSISTENT

Sometime boy gravedigger and Olympic flop, Duane Bobick, the Great White Hope of the moment, approaches a nice payday with favored Ken Norton

by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE LONG



of criticism is recited: "People don't take me seriously," he says. "First, because they feel like I let them down in the Olympics and, second, because I'm white and therefore can't possibly fight." But there also are Bobick defenders, most notably Ali's trainer, Angelo Dundee. "I know what a lot of fight people say about Duane," says Dundee. "That he's slow, he telegraphs his punches, all that. But I call him a persistent sucker. He can take a punch and he just keeps coming at you. I say Bobick has a tremendous shot."

Dundee is not totally impartial: an Ali-Bobick match could be a financial block-

buster. Ali could mouth a few chords on the white/black theme—and even in this day and at his age perhaps inflame the impressionable (Bobick insists that Ali told him privately, "You're gonna be the heavyweight champ.") Talk of skin color amuses Bobick, whose manager (Joe Frazier), trainer (Futch), assistant trainer (Murphy Griffith) and most of his sparring partners are black. "What I really am," says Bobick, "is the Great Black Hope."

Nevertheless, an Ali-Bobick battle could have strong appeal. There would be the folk hero and people's champ who

has done everything, been everywhere, beat everybody and said everything, against the personable Olympic flop ("After Munich, my spirit was dead") who has shown grit in climbing back.

Bobick is a more mature person than he was in Munich; whether he is a fighter of merit must await closer inspection. He hints that, against Norton, he will alter his "persistent sucker" style when he says, "I know now there's no lost pride in backing up or running away in a fight. I just tell myself I'm doing it to get a better view of the situation." Good thinking, since a close view of Norton would put Bobick in position to receive the punishing Norton right uppercut. Dundee points out that Norton typically puts "his right foot in the bucket, which makes it hard for him to back up"—for what that's worth. And the Bobick people expect Duane to work on Norton's body because, in the timeworn phrase, "If you kill the body, the head dies."

If Bobick is slow on his feet, slow with his hands and awkward with his left jab, he does have a decent straight right hand. (When Norton employs a straight right, he often fails to clench his fist.) And Bobick keeps banging away. Obviously Futch, who was in Norton's corner when Norton beat Ali and in Frazier's corner when Joe whipped Ali, wouldn't ever put Bobick down. He isn't worth a dime as a PR man, though. "I'm a trainer, not a magician," says Futch. "If a fighter doesn't have it, only God can help him." Any comment on Bobick's style, Eddie? "I have always favored effectiveness over form. Duane is effective."

And, sometimes, philosophical. "I have this understanding about work," Bobick says. "It has to be done. You work, you sweat, you feel the aches and your body cries. Then you take a hot shower and lie down. That's what life is all about and it feels good." But when he spars, he looks terrible. "I'm a pansy in training," he says. "I don't wanna hurt nobody. Besides, who cares? The idea is to have all your bad days in the gym." Some of the worst occur when Futch tries

continued





Selecting his words carefully, Eddie Futch says of his fighter: "I'm a trainer, not a magician."

to teach him ring strategy. Once, in frustration, Bobick hurled his gloves to the floor. He says, "It's like Eddie keeps showing me a quarter and a penny and I keep getting 'em mixed up."

But if Bobick's boxing ability may be suspect, his affability is not. "Personality is about half of everything you do," he says. Bobick is no strutter and misist he wouldn't think of himself as a big star until, well, say, he had held the title as long as Joe Louis (12 years) and made as much money as Ali. A local newspaperman says, "Hello, Mr Bow-bick Gee, I'm just a small-town reporter." Says Duane, "That's O.K. I'm just a small-town boxer."

This fight originally was scheduled for March but was put off after Bobick, according to Futch, suffered a dislocated cartilage in his left side while sparring with his brother Rodney. The delay seems not to have hampered either fighter, although Norton says, "I could have used the money to pay my taxes."

The fact that Bobick has sweated rivers trying to amass enough money to interest the IRS is the key to his prospects. "People think you have to be black and hungry to be the champ," he says. "Well, I'm white and hungry."

Duane Bobick is one of 12 boys (two have died) and one girl born poor in Bowlus, Minn. The oldest, LeRoy, 27, explains, "For us, a ghetto was where the rich people lived." LeRoy once joked that Duane was weaned on Kool-Aid because milk was too expensive. When he was a seventh-grader, the Bobicks lost their house to the bank; father Bobick failed to meet the monthly payments. Today, Duane's parents are on partial welfare; his father, a plasterer, is just getting back to work after a few years of poor health.

Graves in Bowlus are dug by Bobick's father, as they were by his father. This task also once fell to Duane, who would stick a torch to the frozen ground (graves then went for \$25 in the winter, \$20 in summer) and work his way down to the required 5½-foot depth. "The hole would be deeper than me and I'd throw that dirt up over my head and half of it would slide back down in the hole," Duane recalls. "That teaches you persistence."

"Everyone thought Duane was the good one in the family. We didn't want them to be disappointed," says LeRoy. To this end, other Bobicks always seemed willing to take the rap for Duane's misdeeds. Like when things began to be messed from cars around the church in

nearby Little Falls, where the Bobicks worshipped. "Duane was the lookout at the church," LeRoy says, "and when the cops were picking me up, there was Duane looking out—for himself." Whenever things went wrong in Bowlus, which is 80 miles north of Minneapolis, and later in Little Falls, where the family lived for a time, people generally were of the opinion that "the Bobicks did it." They would generally be right.

Last Christmas, LeRoy was charged in connection with a barroom brawl in Bowlus. Brother Rodney had his moments in the neighborhood not long ago when he snatched a wig off a woman's head. She was not amused: a barstool went through the air, later a gun appeared and then things started going seriously downhill. (That situation was later settled in court with a suspended jail sentence and a one-year house arrest from the county for Rodney.) "In Bowlus," says Duane, "all you can do is drink. But Little Falls is much different. There you can play Bingo and drink. Growing up for me was lonely. Then I chose a lonely profession." To this day he loves solitude.

Family loyalty suffered an occasional lapse among the Bobicks. Brother LeRoy recalls that "a bunch of guys would be fighting me and Duane. It was always the town against us. And if we started losing, Duane didn't mind changing sides, and the next thing I knew he'd be beating the hell out of me."

Duane naturally gravitated to gyms, and when he joined the Navy he was befriended by Murphy Griffith, uncle of the former boxing champ, Emile Griffith had a look at Bobick and said, "I can't work miracles, but let's try." Words like "miracles" seem to keep cropping up in Bobick's career.

After some early head-inflating boxing success, Duane went to Munich, where he had his darkest day since the old gang fights back home in Bowlus. Bobick eventually signed with a Denver cable-television executive, Bill Daniels, for a bonus of \$25,000 and 50% of the gross purses after expenses. However, in his 25th fight while in Daniels' employ, he earned only \$445.80. Bobick bought out of this deal for between \$107,500 and \$150,000, the ultimate figure depending on how well Bobick does in the next 18 months. Daniels says, "I didn't want to lose him. But when athletes get unhappy, they don't perform. I thought he would be the heavyweights champ and I

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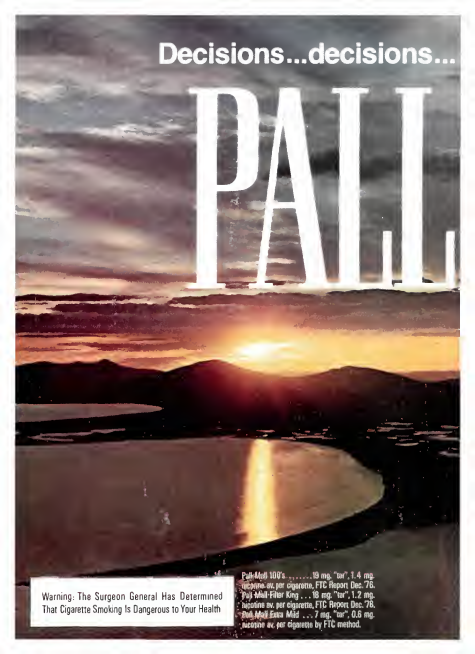
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still think so. To have a champ, that would be life's thrill."

So Bobick signed on with Frazier, and currently receives 47% of the gross purses plus pension benefits, with all boxing-related expenses paid by Frazier. "I got in the ring with Bobick and he took some of my best shots. I decided he had potential," Frazier says. Ironically, Frazier didn't want Bobick to go against Norton, a longtime Frazier friend. "He's my very good partyin' buddy," says Frazier. "We have big fun together." But says Joe, he was overruled by others. Just the other day, Norton saw Frazier and said, "What are you doin' puttin' that white boy on me?" These days Joe is wrapped up in his activities as a song-and-dance man, and he doesn't take credit for Bobick. This might be because he understands that blame often quickly follows credit. But why is it that people persist in saying Bobick can't fight? "I don't know—but they said the same thing about Joe Frazier," says Frazier.

Bobick likes to say he began boxing "when the doctor slapped me on my rear and I hit him with a left hook." Nice line, but impossible, everyone knows Bobick never had a left hook until he was taught one by Frazier. "Duane is pretty good at it," says that master of left hooks, "but even now it's no big snap-py punch."

As recently as 1975, Bobick earned \$15,000. In 1976, it was \$61,000. This year? "A bunch." If he loses to Norton? "It won't be the end of the world," says Duane. "Life already has nailed me a lot of shots. I'll be O.K. And some day not too far away I can give up this manly art of getting belted around."

Bobick admits he once had a fear of dying "before I accomplished anything," but now feels he has met most of his goals. He wants to improve his brothers, which explains why at a banquet in Manila he hurled an olive pit across the table that hit LeRoy between the eyes, then instructed, "Don't blow on your soup. It's not polite." He says he wants to be "a good person because if you are, everything will happen for the best."

Thus does Duane Bobick approach the most important fight of his life. "If I win, I may move right into the middle of Beverly Hills and raise chickens," he says. "If I lose, I'll go be up in the sun and figure what to do next. I'm flexible. I've got gypsy blood in me just like those old trappers did."

END

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WES PARKER AND ONE OF THE BOSSES ON "ALL THAT GLITTERS"

In recent years Norman Lear, a producer with the nerves of a high-stakes gambler, has given television some of its most original—and most successful—shows, including *All in the Family*, *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman* and *One Day at a Time*. Lear bet that viewers could find things to laugh at in the lives of a lovable bigot, the Fernwood Flasher and a divorcee trying to make a go of it on her own. And he was right. Each of the shows struggled at the start, then soared in the ratings.

Three weeks ago Lear launched his latest long shot, a daily half-hour program called *All That Glitters*. The show is set at the Globatron Corporation, a multinational conglomerate that is run by women, while men hold the menial jobs. The female bosses work hard, drink hard, concern themselves with "the bottom line" and tend to employ very attractive male secretaries. If the early ratings hold up—*All That Glitters* was an instant success in New York, Los Angeles and Chicago—Lear has gambled and won again.

One of the show's handsome underlings is Wes Parker, the former Dodger first baseman, who plays the part of Mr. Nancy (Glen) Barkston. "who, although happily married, is largely unfulfilled and is determined to rekindle his acting career." Most baseball fans—and Dodger rooters in particular—will see the irony in Parker performing in a show titled *All That Glitters*. During his playing days, he was a 24-karat fielder who could gather in

Unlike most big-leaguers, Parker was fully aware of his limitations. He therefore avoided the show-business scene that distracts so many Los Angeles athletes. "I had to concentrate entirely on baseball," he says. "I wasn't equipped with the talent or the size of the great players. I noticed that the good hitters were well built from the waist up and I was well built from the waist down. Of all the players in the league, only Del Maxvill [career average: .218] had smaller wrists than I did. One time Bob Gibson struck me out four times. Unless you've been a player, you can't even imagine that feeling. You feel over-matched, helpless; you sense that you don't have a fighting chance."

"But you'd see certain things that lifted you. Roberto Clement was my favorite player. I was in complete awe of him. He had nobility and dignity, and I felt he was like some god who had come down to earth and could do anything he wanted."

When Parker left the Dodgers in 1972, he spent a season as a member of the Cincinnati Reds' TV announcing team. "We did about 30 games," he says, "and it gave me good experience at being on camera. It wasn't that difficult to cover the games. In fact, I think one of the toughest things about doing the broadcasts was finding my car at the Los Angeles airport when I returned home."

The next season Parker went to Japan to play for another year, leading the Nankai

a line drive with a pair of tweezers. Parker's career fielding average was a glittery .996, a major league record, and he won six Gold Gloves. That and the fact that he was a solid 267 hitter made him a key member of the Koufax-Drysdale Dodgers of the mid-'60s, when the club did not score many runs. Defense was an integral part of Los Angeles' success, and it was not happenstance that the Dodgers won two pennants the first three seasons that Parker's glove was in the lineup.

Hawks in almost every offensive category. "While I was there, I thought about what I wanted to do with the rest of my life," he says. "I decided acting might be a way I'd be able to express myself." Parker went to acting school in Burbank, Calif. in 1975, then got small roles in *Police Woman*, *Police Story*, *McMillan and Wife*, *Mut Hets*, *Gabbsville* and *The Brady Bunch*. And like most budding actors, he saw some of his work—in his case, an appearance in a made-for-television movie called *The James Dean Story*—end up on the cutting-room floor.

In February '77 Parker signed to announce seven baseball games on Channel 52 in Los Angeles, a pay-television operation run by sports-TV impresario Jerry Perenchio, who, it turns out, is Lear's partner. "At that time, Lear was starting in on *All That Glitters*," Parker says. "He had every role filled except for Glen, who is an immaculate dresser—and knows it—and is very good-looking—and knows it. Lear casually asked if I'd be interested in the part. I said yes, but knew it was out of the question, because in real life things don't happen that way. Nobody walks in and gets on a Norman Lear show. I read for the part, got it and didn't sleep at all that night. I even cried for half an hour. It was an unbelievable break, just like the one I got with the Dodgers when Charlie Dressen decided that they should sign me though no other team was interested in me."

Since becoming Glen, Parker has put in a lot of 12-hour days and he is only now getting comfortable with the role. "In baseball you knew exactly what you were going to do at specific times," he says. "In acting you stand around a lot just waiting to go on. And acting doesn't require the same total concentration as baseball. One year as a player, I decided to give the game everything I had. I took a course in psychocymbetics. I even told my friends before the season started that I wouldn't see any of them for seven months. I didn't answer the telephone. I ended up having a tremendous season, with 111 RBIs. As an actor, at least I can answer the phone. It's tough work, but I love it."

If he loves acting enough to bring the same dedication and sensitivity to it that he brought to baseball, Parker may find that for him *All That Glitters* is pure gold. **END**

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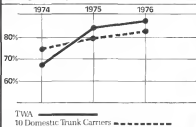
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TWA

Reborn in a Brave new world

An MVP at 23, Jeff Burroughs was in a bad slump, but a trade to Atlanta has been like a breath of fresh air



Burroughs has new confidence in his old swing

One morning last week Jeff Burroughs of the Atlanta Braves opened his newspaper to the sports page and ran his eyes down a column of age type until he found the Texas Rangers' box score. He saw some familiar names—Harrah and Hargrove—along with some unfamiliar ones—Campanera and Alomar. A year ago he would have seen his own name, batting fourth and playing right field. Burroughs still cannot understand why he was traded. His reorientation has been slow. But, he said, he is happy now to be in Atlanta, playing for the Braves and hitting in the park with the energized air.

When the Rangers sent Burroughs to the National League last December for five players and \$250,000, they thought their once-bright star was prematurely fading. In 1969, while still the Washington Senators, the team had made the 18-year-old Californian the No. 1 draft choice in the country. The next spring Manager Ted Williams called Burroughs "the best-looking right-handed hitter for his age that I've ever seen." In 1974, at the still tender age of 23, Burroughs batted .301, hit 25 homers, drove in 118 runs and was the Most Valuable Player in the American League. Ted Williams, it seemed, sure knew his stuff.

But Burroughs, beset by an ill wind in Texas, slumped to .226 and .237 the last two seasons, and the Rangers invited trade offers. The Braves responded vigorously, gambling that in Atlanta Stadium Burroughs would resemble the player who once hit three grand-slam home runs in 10 days, instead of the one who had struck out a total of 248 times in '73 and '76. So far, the gamble is paying off.

Revived by his new surroundings and some old confidence, Burroughs was batting .316 and ranked among the National League leaders in RBIs (20) and homers (six) at the end of last week. As for the five Braves who were shipped to Texas, Pitcher Carl Morton has been released, Outfielder Dave May is on the bench, Roger Moret is on the disabled list, Adrian Devine is a stalwart in the bullpen and only Rightfielder Ken Henderson, batting .290, is playing regularly.

"When I heard last summer that Burroughs might be available, I was really surprised," says Atlanta Manager Dave Bristol. "A right-handed power hitter is just what we needed."

Finishing last in the Western Division

in 1976, the Braves were 11th in the league in hitting, ninth in homers and 14-35 against left-handed pitchers. Although the team certainly has not overcome all those deficiencies—Atlanta is fifth in its division—the acquisition of Burroughs and free-agent Gary Matthews from San Francisco seems to have cured its ineffectiveness against left-handers. The Braves won four of their first six games against lefties this season.

For a while it looked as if Atlanta would get neither Matthews nor Burroughs. Commissioner Bowie Kuhn delayed approval of the Matthews deal because of accusations that Atlanta owner Ted Turner had tried to sign the outfielder before the free-agent draft was held. Kuhn eventually approved Matthews' contract, but suspended Turner. Contractual matters also figured in Burroughs' initial refusal to report to Atlanta. "The Rangers would never admit it publicly, but I had a no-trade contract," Burroughs says. "I didn't have anything against Atlanta; I just couldn't understand why Texas would give up on me, because I was still driving in runs." Indeed, despite his sorry averages, Burroughs had 180 RBIs in '75 and '76.

A pep talk by Turner and a phone call from Brave Pitcher Andy Messersmith helped change Burroughs' mind. "If I had taken it to court or to arbitration, I think I would have won the right to stay in Texas," he says. "But I decided that if the Rangers didn't want me, it would be best if I left."

Burroughs has since discovered an unexpected bonus in his new home. Even though the power alleys in Atlanta Stadium are 385 and 375 feet, compared to Arlington Stadium's 370, the Braves' park has always been a hitter's heaven. The city's 1,057-foot elevation, highest in the majors, helps make the stadium a launching pad for home runs. Arlington Stadium is far less conducive to long-ball hitting, because of a stiff wind blowing from right to left field. This was particularly unfavorable to Burroughs, whose power is to right center.

In four seasons playing for Texas, Burroughs did average 25 home runs and 95 RBIs a year, but 60% of his homers came on the road. "Playing in Arlington finally became a mental problem," he says. "I got tired of seeing balls held up by the wind, and I started trying to pull everything to left. I knew that was not my

concerned

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style, but I was fed up with losing so many hits and runs batted in." However, by trying to pull too much, Burroughs altered his swing, and his batting average plummeted.

This season Burroughs has gotten back in his natural groove; four of his six home runs have been at home, and only two were pulled to left. He considers his new surroundings a much better explanation for his success than the supposedly juiced-up ball that, some say, has accounted for the 38% increase in homers in the majors so far this season. "The ball is getting a bad rap," Burroughs says. "Why should a 2-1 game be considered normal. I say the ball is just back to being regulation."

Regulation ball or not, Burroughs smacked a home run in his first at bat on Opening Day in Houston and another in his first appearance at home. "It's a pleasure to hit in Atlanta," he says. "I've already hit a couple of balls out that would have been caught in Texas."

Because of some shoddy Brave pitching, Burroughs' batting has not done much to improve the team. His biggest days have been wasted; he hit a grand slam in a 14-10 loss to Los Angeles and had four hits and four RBIs in a 23-9 mauling by Cincinnati. His only game-winning hit was a home run against San Diego. And the Braves need to take advantage of Burroughs' hitting if they want to get true value from him, because he is not an otherwise particularly gifted player. He does not steal bases or make exceptional defensive plays, and he has already struck out 17 times in 20 games.

"I play every day and get the job done," he says. "But I'm not a crowd pleaser. I've been lousy some years and good some others. I just do the best I can and leave it at that."

Because he also played football and basketball in high school, he says he never "ate or slept baseball. I didn't care that much one way or the other about having a baseball career. In fact, the summer I signed I was a little disappointed, because I had been looking forward to fishing for a couple of months."

Now he saves his fishing and golf for the off-season. He is accomplished at both, shooting 70s and having caught bluefin tuna and marlin. But the toughest sport of all, he says, is the one he plays in the summer. "It's a constant struggle. I never have had a lot of confidence. My ego goes up and down like a

yo-yo. But this year I'm feeling better again. Being with a new ball club and in a new league is like being a rookie."

As the Texas Rangers should remember, a young Jeff Burroughs is the very best kind.

THE WEEK

(April 24-30)

by JIM KAPLAN

AL WEST The division was not only loaded with offense but also with offensive behavior. Texas (3-2) Pitcher Bert Blyleven set the tone by hitting Kansas City Catcher Darrell Porter on the leg during the ninth inning of a 5-0 Ranger win. Blyleven was retaliating for a pitch Royal Marry Panin had buzzed by the head of Texas' Juan Benquez, who had hit one of his rare home runs earlier in the game. Admittedly he had deliberately thrown at Porter, Blyleven said, "I didn't throw at him hard... I think it puts a little excitement into the game... I'd rather have the respect of my teammates than a shoutout." He didn't have the respect of American League President Lee MacPhail, who fined him \$500 and suspended him three days. Other Ranger hitmen were Willie Horton, Claudell Washington and Sandy Alomar, each of whom drove in three runs in a 14-4 win over Chicago.

The Royals (3-3) were peeved at everyone, including themselves. Porter said he couldn't understand how Texas Manager Frank Lucchesi could order a beanball after being beaten up in spring training by Lenny Randle. KC Manager Whitney Herzog called Lucchesi "Emmett Kelly" and said of his own sagging slugger John Mayberry (1240 average and three homers), "My patience is exhausted. It's ridiculous for a man with his talent to hit like he has for 15 seasons." Other choice words came from Panin, who said of Benquez, "Why hit a guy like that when you can get him out?" And from George Brett, who said of Blyleven, "If he had any brains, he'd be 25-0." Despite all the heated language and the 474 batting of Tom Poquette, Kansas City was cold on the field, most chillingly blowing a ninth-inning lead and losing 2-1 to Toronto.

Minnesota (4-2) contributed to the mayhem when Rod Carew took some swings at Detroit's Dave Roberts, who had plugged Carew on the back with a pitch. "He's a control pitcher, and I'm sure he threw at me," said Carew, who was ejected after the second-inning episode. Roberts landed only a couple of batters more, and Minnesota won 7-3. The Twins had 62 hits for the week, but needed to call on their bullpen five times, an ominous turn of events considering the auto ac-

cident. Relievers Mike Pank and Don Carruthers were involved in Carruthers' fractured kneecap, broken right wrist and a partial rupture of the quadriceps tendon) will be out three months. Pank (broken leg) is through for the season.

Chicago (2-4) fell out of first despite 13 homers. The pitchers, especially Steve Stone, who lost twice to Texas, were the culprits. With an 0-2 record, Stone even threw a run-scoring wild pitch to 182-incher John Elits. Events were somewhat happier—if a little mixed up—in Oakland (3-4), where owner Charlie Finley gave \$10,000 raises to rookies Rick Langford and Rob Piccolo. Broadcaster Monte Moore mistakenly introduced Right-fielder Larry Murray as Wayne Murray. Finley introduced newly acquired Infielder Marty Perez as Tony, and Dick Allen introduced a sobering note after his young teammates complained of the umpiring. "I've never seen such a bunch of crybabies," he said. Upon hitting his fourth home of the season, Allen refused teammates' handshakes, saying, "Tell it to the umpires." Another veteran, Dock Ellis, had no scapegoats after losing his first start since coming from the Yankees. "I was terrible," he said. So was Seattle (2-5).

Despite a 2-4 week, California provided the division with a model of deportment. After being demoted to the bullpen, Paul Hanzell said, "I would rather help a club win a pennant in relief than start for an also-ran." And also-rans the Angels were, although Joe Rudi had two homers. He has five for the season, all of them when Frank Tanana (4-0) was pitching.

MNN 12-9 KC 11-8 OAK 12-9 CHI 10-8
TEX 10-8 CAL 5-13 SEA 8-16

AL EAST Streaking from fourth to second, New York (16-1) never had a dull moment. The Yankees whipped their Cleveland cousins 10-1 and 7-1 to extend a winning streak over the Indians to 10. In Baltimore, New York encountered effigies, obscenities and flying hot dogs, all directed at former Onizuka Reggie Jackson. Responding with five RBIs, Jackson led the Yankees to victories in two of three games. When Ron Guidry bested Seattle 3-0 and Ed Figueroa bested the Mariners 7-2, Manager Billy Martin should have been enjoying himself. Instead he was wondering when new Pitcher Mike Torrez would show up. Torrez was rumored to be both fishing in Arizona and attending his sick wife in Montreal.

Baltimore (3-4) owed its wins to Ken Singleton, who went 10 for 28 and drove in six runs. None of the hits was more satisfying than the 10th-inning single that beat Nolan Ryan 4-3. "I was aggravated all night because I wasn't touching the ball," he said. "The hit was some sort of strange gratification." Stranger still was 10-year-veteran Tom Shopy's first major league homer in a 3-1 win

continued

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over Detroit. Asked why he has hit only one later, Shoppy said, "My bats weren't long enough."

Demarcio had no lasting effect in Cleveland (2-4). Even when he let the players pick a batting order and the Indians beat Toronto 4-3, Manager Frank Robinson appeared to be in danger of losing his job. Designated Hitter Rico Carty scarcely improved Robby's prospects when he cited the manager for a lack of leadership. "We need your help, Frank," Carty said before a luncheon audience of 600 people. "If you don't help, we'll all be in trouble."

Things were more harmonious in Boston (5-2). Ferguson Jenkins won twice, including a 9-0 three-hitter over the Blue Jays before an appreciative crowd of fellow Canadians. George Scott had three homers and millionaire Reliever Bill Campbell finally got a save.

Milwaukee (2-3) Pitcher Bob McClure picked a man off first for the third time this season to save one game, but Catcher Larry Henry lost another by throwing a ball into right field. In a 3-3 week, Detroit had plenty of offense but not enough defense. The Tigers had 63 hits—but gave up 60.

Toronto won three of seven as Bob Baelor hit safely in every game, and Otto Velez (10 for 23) moved into the league lead with a .442 average. Rookie Jerry Garvin (4-0) had his third complete game as five stars, beating Kansas City 2-1, and lowered his earned-run average to 2.14.

ML 11-6 NY 11-9 BAL 9-6 BOS 9-9
TOR 10-11 DET 8-12 CLE 6-11

NL WEST Cincinnati (5-1) went from the ridiculous to the sublime. To start the week, Manager Sparky Anderson juggled his lineup—notably putting 5' 7", 165-pound Joe Morgan at cleanup—and the Reds lost 7-1 to the Cubs. The lowest moment of the game came when base runner George Foster and Third Base Coach George Scherger collided. "Throw a test over us and we're a three-ring circus," said Johnny Bench. "All we lack is a lady riding a horse." Bench, who was hitting .175 at the time, should not have been joking. "There is nobody who has a lock on playing if he doesn't produce," fumed Anderson as his team's season record slipped to 4-10. The next night the Reds unfolded on the Braves with a 12-run fifth inning and went on to win 23-9. Batting seventh, Bench homered twice and drove in four runs, while Fowler had two homers and seven RBIs. Even so, Third Baseman Pete Rose was unsatisfied. "I'd rather win 3-2," he said. When the Reds squeezed 3-1 and 3-2 victories between 9-1 and 8-0 breathers and moved from last to second, he was appeased.

Alas, Cincinnati still lost 1½ games to the Dodgers, who had a 7-0 week and completed an 11-1 road trip. Even when they trailed

San Diego 4-0, the Dodgers calmly rallied with a six-run third inning as Reggie Smith, Steve Garvey and Rick Monday drove in two runs apiece and won 7-5. The Dodgers are averaging 6.6 runs a game. "I think having pretty much the same batting order every day is a factor," said Manager Tom Lasorda. "I started the same eight guys in the first intra-squad game, the first exhibition, the first league game. They played together, and they lived together as a team. And that's important. They know one another."

Houston (4-2) ended an eight-game losing streak with some last-minute heroics. Rob Sperring's ground-rule double scored Bob Watson to give the Astros a 9-8, 10-inning win over the Padres, and Joe Ferguson's 13th-inning homer stopped the Giants 4-3. Astro pitching was improved, too, with Ken Forsch saving a 3-1 win and Floyd Bannister beating Pittsburgh 11-3 for his first major league victory.

Other seams in the division played distastefully. San Diego lost all seven of its games, including a 9-2 embarrassment before 43,497, who had come to see pregame rock music and postgame fireworks. The loudest explosion came from Manager John McNamara, when he belatedly discovered that the victorious Mets had been batting out of order. Atlanta (10-6) rolled up a seven-game losing streak and dropped from second to fifth. Phil Niekro, the club's best pitcher for most of the last decade, remained winless, injured Andy Messersmith missed two starts and Willie Montaner hit .227. Darrell Evans' two-run homer to beat Houston 3-2 provided one of the bright moments for San Francisco (2-4), which is 1-7 at Candlestick this season. "I was swinging for a home run," said Evans. "I was getting psyched about never winning at home." The lowlight was an error by new Shortstop Tim Lincecum, which set up a 3-1 loss to Houston.

LA 17-3 CIN 9-10 HOU 9-11
SF 6-11 ATL 8-12 SD 8-15

NL EAST Montreal (1-3) had the "all-time worst week" First Shortstop Tim Lincecum, traded to San Francisco, left with a pinching shot. "I just spent five years in Montreal under the worst conditions possible, and now they've got good conditions and I'm not going to get to play under them." Folli's replacement, former Giant Chris Speier, looked as if he could not play under any conditions, even though he had been outshining his predecessor, .176 to .175. Speier singled twice in his first game but cost a run in the 4-0 defeat by Los Angeles with a slow relay. Then he made two errors as the Expos again lost 6-4. "Let's put it this way," he said. "I didn't need a glove. One ball hit me in the chest and one in the cup."

Chicago (2-3) started the week optimistically after a 7-1 defeat of the Reds, Reliever Bruce Sutner told Chicago reporters.

"Write this down. We're going to win the pennant. We've got everything—speed, power hitters, good defense and good pitching." That day they had all those things, as Bobby Murcer and Jerry Morales backed Ray Burris' complete game with homers. But more typical of the Cubs' showing was the fourth straight poor performance by rookie starting Pitcher Mike Krukow, a 21-3 loser to the Cardinals. "It's like Noah's wife told him," Krukow lamented. "She said, 'Noah, honey, it's going to stop raining one of these days.'" In this game, at least, St. Louis (3-2) kept pouring it on, with a homer, six doubles and eight walks. It all added up to John Denny's fifth win without a loss. Other high-flying Cardinals were Ted Simmons, who hit .467 with 10 RBIs, and Reliever Al Hrabosky, who once figured he would not be around to get in on all the fun. Hrabosky had been sure he would be traded as a result of his differences with Manager Vern Riffe over hair regulations. No deal was made, and last week Hrabosky struck out six Braves in 2½ innings.

New York (2-1) received the usual mixed

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

RON CEY: The Dodger third baseman had five homers and 12 runs batted in, bringing his RBI total to 29, a big-league record for April. Cey finished the month with a .425 average and nine home runs, most in the majors.

blossoms from Dave Kingman, who dropped a throw, setting up a 3-2 loss to Montreal, and had two three-run homers in a 9-2 win over San Diego. The Mets, who often seem more interested in having a good image than a good team, unexpectedly acquired Lenny Randle from Texas, where he had become persona non grata for slugging Manager Frank Lucchesi. In his first National League appearance, Randle's tumbling catch in left of a ball he had misjudged helped Tom Seaver run his record to 4-0.

Pittsburgh's new look was typified by its running (two steals a game) and pitching (substitutes by John Candelaria and Jim Cook). The Pirates won three of four and moved into second. Philadelphia (3-2) stayed in the cellar, notwithstanding some heroic efforts. Despite injured ribs, Richie Hebner closed a 410-foot triple to help beat the Giants. Even Manager Danny Ozark hit a 400-foot sacrifice fly in an exhibition game. Rookie Pitcher Randy Lerch was cheered like a homecoming GI when he won his third game, 6-4 over the Giants. In the stands were 100 relatives and friends from Rancho Cordova, Calif. "I swear most of them were crooked," said Lerch.

ST. L 12-7 PIT 10-7 MONT 8-8
NY 6-9 CHI 7-9 PHIL 7-9



A two-bested beer drinker gets some pointers from his two-headed backhand swinging partner

The WTT reigns in Plains

Of course, Billy Carter and Miz Lillian got into the act, but the real stars of last week's Georgia tennis extravaganza were the Soviets and the Phoenix Racquets

The U.S.S.R. made sports history last week when its team of six amateurs joined the professional ranks—namely, World Team Tennis—and the mobs at airport baggage claim areas. During the first hectic days of the WTT season, the Soviets, as the home-courtless franchise is called, lost all but one of their five matches, but they were just what the league needed as it struggled into its fourth season.

The Soviets are the league's road show, and WTT got them going with a bang and an overhead smash, sending them off to play a whirlwind series of matches before curious and appreciative crowds. They ate birthday cake, sailed souvenir tennis balls into the stands and filled their luggage with keys to various cities and other trinkets as they embarked on

their 44-match, countrywide WTT tour.

The odyssey, which began in Indianapolis on Tuesday, featured an extravaganza on Saturday against Chris Evert and the Phoenix Racquets in, of all places, Plains, Ga., and a capacity crowd turned out for what was billed as the Peanut Tennis Classic with Billy Carter and Miz Lillian serving as hosts. While a Dixieland band played, Bobby Riggs threw candy to the crowd, Billy Carter puzzled over a forehand grip on his beer can, insatiable cameras clicked like locusts, fetching Southern belles swooned and an exasperated Chris Evert got autograph elbow.

The well-mannered Russians might have been excused for dashing back home screaming and pulling the Iron Curtain closed behind them, but in truth

they got a kick out of the hoopla. The jamboree at Plains was not entirely foreign to the Soviet players, for they speak fluent English—including slang—wear jeans and their hair long, sport gold jewelry, eat Big Macs and dig Neil Diamond and Elton John. "They've been over here so often, they're more like neighbors than foreigners," says Billie Jean King.

It was against King's New York Apples, the defending WTT champions, that the Soviets indicated they may grow to be as good at top-spin backhands as they are at wheat deals. They defeated New York 27-24 in overtime in Birmingham Friday night, coming from behind to do so and showing that once they master doubles strategy, they could have a winning record.

It should be remembered that while the Russians are superb at hockey and not all that bad at basketball, tennis is still in its infancy in the Soviet Union, where there are only an estimated 45,000 players and few facilities. In popularity tennis ranks behind weight lifting, rowing, figure skating and chess. And although Jimmy Carter "plays every day for his exercise," according to Miz Lillian, Leonid Brezhnev is an ice hockey fan.

The nucleus of the Russian team is Alex Metreveli and Olga Morozova, both of whom have been on the international scene for years. Metreveli, 32, is an eight-time U.S.S.R. national champion and the 1973 Wimbledon runner-up, and in 1975 was ranked ninth in the world. He's a good ol' Georgia boy in his own right—Soviet Georgia, that is. The spirited, enthusiastic Morozova, 28, leads the cheering from the sidelines when she is not playing, shouting "Zdorovo" (well done) after a particularly good shot. She defeated King 6-2 in Birmingham, and afterward King told her, "You always play well against me." Zdorovo.

In singles, the Russians can hold their own—the women, for example, defeated Evert, Sue Barker and King during the week—but doubles seem to confound them, a liability in WTT play because three of the five matches are doubles. In the Soviets' first four matches, they won

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only one doubles, and in Binghamton, N.Y., on Sunday, when they dropped a 31-17 decision to the league favorites, the Boston Lobsters, the pattern continued. The Soviets did not take any of the doubles sets.

The other players on the team are Teimuraz Kakulia, Konstantin Pugayev, Natasha Chmyreva and Janna Baryukova. The stocky Kakulia has a good forehand, a weak backhand and occasionally makes errors in judgment that cause Metreveli endless anguish. Kakulia celebrated his 30th birthday at the league opener on Tuesday, so the Indiana Loves gave him a birthday cake.

The 18-year-old Chmyreva is by all accounts headed for stardom. She is a two-time Wimbledon Juniors champion and the 1975 Forest Hills juniors titlist, and she is 5'9". Despite her size, Chmyreva has a country-club serve, but her volley is excellent. She broke Evert's service four times while beating her 7-5. It was Evert's second straight singles defeat; she had lost to Greer Stevens of Boston on Friday night. "And last year, Chris lost only one singles match in the entire first half of the season," said Jimmy Walker,

president of the Phoenix Racquets.

The Soviets got \$200,000 for joining WTT (the team doesn't share in gate receipts but doesn't pay its traveling expenses) and took part in the Plains competition as part of a scenario that was calculated to give the league more publicity. Indeed, WTT is showing signs of increased health. Bjorn Borg signed to play with Cleveland, attendance is up and franchises are not falling off like dead leaves. But, points out Walker, "What we need is exposure." If golf could have Gerald Ford, Walker thought, tennis could have the Carters. "I wanted to give Amy the lemonade stand," said Bob Horowitz, assistant to the president of the Golden Gators.

For an apt description of Plains, you might just drop the "s." It is, after all, just plain Georgia, a small, rural community that woke up one morning to discover it was the home of the country's Answer Man. Since then the marketing consultants have moved in and turned it into Rock City South and made Billy Carter a gas-station celebrity.

So it was last week that almost everyone in the town of 680 citizens was either planning to go to the match or planning to sell something to the tourists who were going. Only a few of the local residents, like Ed Hollis, who wore a straw hat, sunglasses and a Hawaiian shirt, were not interested in seeing the Russians. "I'm not going," he said. "Not unless they're invading."

Still, a crowd of 4,200 paying up to \$100 a ticket, a price that included a seat at Miz Lillian's barbecue as well as an autographed picture of Billy, was squeezed around the newly constructed court at the Lions Club by noon Saturday, a full 90 minutes before the match was scheduled to begin.

One of the media types on hand was 12-year-old Jeffrey Moss of the Plains Statesman, a local weekly. "I'm helping the New Yorkers, they're helping me," offered Jeffrey, who said he knew all the Carters. "Amy's mine," he said. Then he left to make arrangements for someone to take an exclusive picture of Evert inside a fenced area that was off limits to the press. Zdzovro.

Miz Lillian was sitting in the first row of the stands, outfitted in a white suit and a corsage and wearing a large photograph of Chris Evert. "I like anybody who's perfect," she was saying when Chris walked up.

"I like Jimmy Connors, too," Miz Lillian told Evert. "He keeps me so excited I never know what he's going to do."

"Me neither," said Chris.

Then Miz Lillian offered Evert some advice about Billy Carter, who was scheduled to play in a doubles match with Chris later in the day. "Make him run. He's too fat."

Billy showed up minutes later wearing a pair of jeans and some battered track shoes. Someone asked what brand they were.

"What kind?" answered his wife Sybil. "What kind? They're Top Dollar, I think."

Carter is becoming a hit on the state-fair circuit and he had had to get up at 5 a.m. Saturday to fly back to Plains from Baton Rouge, where he had made a personal appearance. He arrived thirsty and when Evert offered to show him how to hit a two-handed backhand, Carter demurred. "How am I going to hold my beer?" he said.

Suffering from the heat and humidity that had them draping wet towels over their heads on the sidelines, the Soviets quickly fell behind when Evert and Kristien Shaw ran off a 6-3 victory over Morozova and Biryukova in the women's doubles. But the Soviets had decided to switch their strategy and use the youngest Chmyreva instead of Morozova to play Chris in the women's singles, and she took advantage of Evert's lack of sharpness to win and put her team back into the match.

In the men's doubles, Ross Case and Butch Walts scored an easy 6-3 victory over Metreveli and Kakulia. And when Case hustled his way to a 9-point tie breaker to win the men's singles 7-6 from Metreveli, it was all over for the Russians. The Shaw-Walts 6-4 decision in the mixed doubles brought about a 30-23 Phoenix triumph.

A footnote: Billy Carter and Evert teamed to beat Riggs and Tandy Rice, booking agent for Carter as well as Dolly Parton, in a day-ending doubles match. Then everyone retired to the barbecue at Miz Lillian's or to Carter's gas station, where it was hoped he would regale the audience.

True, if the day's proceedings were made into a movie, it would premiere at a drive-in as part of a triple feature, but despite the heavy load of hokum, it was, as Morozova said, "Good fun."

END



The 18-year-old Chmyreva beat Chris, 7-5.



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The waitress, a gnarled Maria Ouspenskaya sort, faithfully delivered Rick Barry his hamburger. It was an hour after practice and 16 hours after Barry and the Golden State Warriors had defeated the Los Angeles Lakers 114-103 in Oakland to even the NBA Western Conference playoffs at two games apiece. Barry, who had scored 26 points and played a brilliant all-round game, was physically and emotionally drained. The two-hour practice had left him feeling no better. He was so hungry that even as unprepossessing a repast as a Hyatt House hamburger was anticipated, one might say, with relish.

But something was wrong. Barry stared at his plate as if it were an NBA official. He has one of the most expressive faces in all of professional sports, but on the basketball court, at least, he pretty well confines himself to three basic facial attitudes—hysterical rage, the studied innocence of a shoplifter departing a jewelry counter and a look best described as the one that comes over a violin teacher hearing his pupil mangle Humoresque for the fifth straight time. The waitress seemed startled by the reaction to her house burger.

"The onions," said violin teacher Barry, fortissimo, "are too thick. I like my onions sliced thinly."

When, moments later, the poor woman returned with thinner slices, Barry remained unmollified.

"Someone back there," he said to a companion, "does not know how to slice onions."

Be it slicing onions or hitting the open man, Barry detests mediocrity with an artist's passion. It is a trait, often confused with snobbery, that has made him one of the least understood and least popular of superstar athletes. In fact, he is harder on himself than he is on officials, opponents or teammates. Superlative player that he is, he has yet to satisfy himself. The "perfect game" he seeks as if it were the Grail lies beyond his reach. He accepts with melancholy resignation that it will always escape him.

But Barry has come closer than most

A splendid Warrior who knows his onions

Rick Barry insists they be sliced perfectly, and perfectly is how he thinks Golden State should play. It did its best, taking favored L.A. to seven games

to perfection. Like all players of his caliber, he is at his best under pressure—and the current playoffs have been no exception. Twice against the Lakers—in the 115-106 first-game loss and the 109-105 third-game win—he scored 40 points. In the losing fifth game last Friday he scored 28 and played a furious, all-or-nothing defense that had him gambling, sometimes successfully, for steals and interceptions. And in the sixth game, which Golden State won 115-106 to tie the series at 3-all in Oakland on Sunday, he led the Warriors with 27 points, including four baskets at a critical point in the third quarter when the Lakers had closed to just four points.

But to Barry, his best game was the fourth. In 40 minutes he had nine rebounds, seven assists and a steal. Most of the assists came on passes so hard and accurate they seemed not so much thrown as shot. In the opinion of most basketball scholars, Barry is the finest passing forward ever to play the game. But it was not his scoring, passing or rebounding that pleased Barry most about that game. It was his defense. Coach Al Attles assigned him to guard 6'9" Don Ford, a capable rebounder, particularly on the offensive boards. In the previous game, Ford had 14 rebounds, nine on offense. In Game Four, Barry held him to exactly zero offensive rebounds.

"That was the best thing I did all night—keep Ford off the offensive boards," Barry said, setting aside the detestable onions. "But who gives a damn about that? People have this thing about scoring points. I was taught to play the game from a total concept, to be able to do everything reasonably well, some

continued



Barry is the best passing forward ever in NBA

things extraordinarily well. If a guy is simply a great shooter and he has a bad night, he's a liability. If I'm not shooting well, I'll try to be an asset in other ways. So many players are limited in what they can do—and some of them are called superstars. A lot of players don't know what it is to make a pass. It's not that they don't know how; it's just that they're not looking for anybody."

For all of the accusations that he is a prima donna, Barry is among the most unselfish men ever to play his position. Last Nov. 30, against Chicago, he set an NBA record for a forward with 19 assists, and he almost invariably leads his team in that category. Ironically, his selflessness seemed to do the Warriors more harm than good in the early part of the season. Barry would get the ball to his teammates, but they couldn't get it in the basket, and a team that had led the league in regular-season victories in 1975-76 was struggling to play .500 basketball. Atiles felt it necessary to ask his star to shoot more.

"Rick was playing the game the way it should be played," he says. "It was textbook basketball. But we were off to a slow start, so I had to talk to him about being too unselfish. We were winning games when he scored more."

Indeed, in the regular-season games in which Barry scored 30 or more points, the Warriors were 13-2. In games in which he scored fewer than 20, they were 13-20. During the season, Barry averaged 21.8 points, 13th in the league, but he was sixth in assists, ninth in steals and second in free-throw percentage. Early in the season he set a record by capping his 60th consecutive free throw and for the fourth season he made better than 90% of his foul shots.

Still, when the Warriors were not winning, it was Barry, the 33-year-old team captain, who bore an unequal portion of the blame. It was said he was not getting along with his teammates, all of whom are black and from five to 10 years younger than he. And, so the story went, he was particularly jealous of the high-scoring

third-year guard, Phil Smith, an emerging star rising as Barry's vast skills inevitably faded.

"There is no truth to the story that Phil and Rick don't get along," says Atiles. "They have no problems. There is nothing to this business of Rick being jealous of Phil. Rick is not a petty person. This may have gotten started because they have such different styles. Rick goes his own way. Superstars always do. They all think differently. If Rick has a drawback—and it's not really a drawback, it's just Rick—it's that he is not very patient. He can't understand why a guy can't play the game the way he does. That is a fault of all superstars. You may say of these people that they aren't regular guys. Well . . . they aren't."

"Phil and I have talked about this thing," says Barry. "We laugh about it. I told him that we should really give people something to talk about. I told him that on jump balls in the playoffs, I'd come up and punch him. That ought to satisfy them. But I want to put this stuff

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to rest once and for all. I'm not really buddy-buddy with anyone on the team except Clifford [Ray]. That's not to say I don't like them. Phil, for example, has shown me an enormous amount in this series. They've been overplaying him, so he hasn't been forcing his shots. He's been moving the ball around. It's the sign of a good team player."

The rumors of dissension may have started earlier in the year when Barry complained that the Warriors were not playing "intelligently." Could this remark be interpreted as a white man looking down on blacks? Nonsense. Barry says that about everyone, including himself. "Look, I'm a perfectionist," he acknowledges. "I know I can never be satisfied."

Barry's deportment on court can be disconcerting. At first glance, he appears to be someone everyone should instantly adore—tall (6' 8"), with light brown locks (abetted by a hair weave) and a pleasant, handsome, all-American face. But once the game begins, those expressions of his—anger, disgust, disdain—take over, so that if you are not, by chance, a Warrior fan, you may find yourself despising him by game's end. "The manner in which I play provokes a reaction, either positive or negative," Barry admits. "But I don't want people to hate me."

Among those who seem to have little affection for him are the opponents he has humiliated on the court. When Barry had his finest season two years ago, averaging 30.6 points and leading the Warriors to the championship, he finished fourth in the voting by the players for the league's Most Valuable Player. The slight still rankles him. But what bothers him more is the assumption by the fans that the raging, pouting Rick Barry whom they see on the court is the same person off. The off-court Barry is an intelligent, reflective, considerably more subdued soul. It is the old image and reality game.

"I know that people judge me as a person by what I do on the floor," he says. "But I'm just not the same. No one sees me the other way. When you first get an image, you can never completely change it. I know a lot of players the fans think are wonderful guys who are the biggest jerks you'll ever meet. Off the floor, I'm a pretty easygoing, honest person."

The sort of fellow you'd enjoy inviting home for lunch. But watch how you slice those onions.

END

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A hustler since he was 10, Mike Berlin had what it took to win the Firestone

Shark attack at the Riviera

Most pro bowlers refuse to step onto a lane unless they are equipped with a wrist strap, special shoes, a scientifically fitted ball and all the latest theories about hand releases, angles of delivery, ball rotation, wind direction and pin deflection. Not Mike Berlin. When Berlin won the \$125,000 Firestone Tournament of Champions two weeks ago at Akron, his "secret" was the only thing that had not been patented, marketed, laminated or sold—a hustler's heart.

While Berlin actually didn't hustle the other 51 contestants rolling for the \$25,000 payoff, biggest of the year on the Professional Bowlers Association tour, he agreed that he probably would have succumbed to the intense pressure if it had not been for the imperturbability he acquired during his hustling days.

The 33-year-old Berlin started hustling when he was a 10-year-old newspaperboy in Muscatine, Iowa. Having delivered his papers, Berlin would take the earnings and roll with the other newsboys for nickels and dimes, and he usually would convert his change into bills.

With this kind of background, Berlin was well prepared for his first all-out invasion of big-time bowling, from which he came away with the \$35,000 winner's check in the 1968 Petersen Classic in Chicago. Berlin vividly recalls some of the potentially shattering things that happened to him during the Petersen, bowling's rainiest event.

"Pins were dropped on the lanes next to me," he says. "Once, they kept my ball from returning for five minutes. In the end I needed strike-spare to win. So they shut down the machines on my lanes for 20 minutes. They waited until all the other bowlers were done so they could all watch me. When my ball finally came back, I grabbed it and threw probably my best shot of the tournament. I got a strike, finished with a turkey [three straight strikes] and won."

Two years later, Berlin took the most prestigious title in bowling—the all-events crown at the American Bowling Congress tournament in Knoxville, Tenn.

Despite his frequent successes, Berlin didn't rush out to join the PBA circuit. Instead, he was content to win between \$15,000 and \$20,000 a year as an amateur bowler. Bowling amateurs are simon-pures in the sense that, say, Soviet hockey players are amateurs. In bowling, only those men who belong to the PBA and those women affiliated with one of the two pro circuits are officially classified as pros. All other bowlers are amateurs, no matter how much money they earn at the scores of amateur tournaments conducted each year. Some 50,000 bowlers compete in these amateur events, rolling for almost \$750,000 in the Petersen and for some \$1 million at both the ABC and the nine-month-long Hoinkie Classic in Cincinnati.

Last year, Berlin decided to join the PBA. "One reason I came on the tour was because I was cheated out of winning two amateur tournaments,"

he says. "I lost one when another bowler turned in a phony score sheet. Another time I lost because a guy used a fake average and beat me with his bigger handicap. I just couldn't fight all that anymore."

Still, Berlin is thankful for the amateur experience. "It has really helped me on the tour," he says. "I bowled lots of times for \$100 a game and never got blasted out. One time I bowled badly, gambled away all my money and was at the door, ready to leave for home, when a friend told me he had \$20. That got us into some games against a couple of pros. I rolled five 240s in a row, took my winnings, and bet like crazy on the side, and at the end of the night I had \$500. The next day I bowled the guys who finished first and third in the tournament, and I wound up with the one guy's first-place check and the other guy's third-place check—\$800 altogether."

Last season Berlin earned \$20,558 and was named rookie of the year. He also acquired a reputation as a "brickyard" bowler, a grind-it-out competitor who is at his best when lane conditions are less than ideal. Most important, Berlin won the PBA tournament in Minot, N.D., and thus gained a berth in the champions-only field at the Firestone.

Berlin led the pack throughout most of the qualifying rounds at the Riviera lanes, but in the 48th and last game Mike Durbin of Chagrin Falls, Ohio tied him for first place. Durbin then outrolled Berlin 232-203 to gain the No. 1 seed in the five-bowler roll-off for the \$25,000 first-place check.

In the opening match of the stepladder-style windup, fifth-place Larry Laub beat fourth-place Sam Flanagan, and then he upset third-place Wayne Zahn. But Berlin eliminated Laub 213-200, setting up a rematch against Durbin. Like the true hustler, Berlin saved his best bowling for last.

He started with four strikes, marked in every frame—picking off the 3-6-10 split for a spare in the fifth and the 2-4-5 for another spare in the ninth—and whipped Durbin 221-205. Nothing to it. Nobody dropped a pin on an adjacent lane.

END

A close-up portrait of a man with dark, wavy hair and a slight smile. He is holding a single cigarette horizontally between his fingers, positioned just above the main headline. Below the headline, he holds a pack of Winston Light 100's cigarettes with both hands. The pack is white with a gold band at the top and a red label with the word 'Winston' in white. The background is a soft, out-of-focus warm tone.

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The Cowboy Who Showed 'Em

by Robert Cantwell



Cecil Smith, now 73, was a Texas ranch hand when he discovered polo, the millionaires' sport. He invaded that alien world and, with brilliant horsemanship, became the game's best player



Cecil Smith is the most secluded international celebrity in sports. In his own field he is known to everyone, in the way that Bobby Jones is known to everyone in golf. But Smith's game is polo, which means that his worldwide reputation is specialized. He is regarded with awe by an amazing number of millionaire sportsmen, high-ranking military men, English aristocrats, diplomats, ranchmen and trainers, many of them playing companions from his competitive days. Among ordinary polo fans he is known primarily as the best polo player of all time. Only Leslie Cheape in pre-World War I Great Britain and Tommy Hitchcock in between-the-wars America belonged in the same realm of genius that Smith inhabited, and even then it is generally conceded that Smith was a superior horseman. It is this last item—his preoccupation with horses—that helps to account for the obscurity that goes along with such celebrity.

Smith, now 73, lives on a small ranch in the hill country of Texas, some 35 miles north

continued

The Cowboy

continued

of San Antonio, still busy training a few ranch horses to become polo ponies, something he has done for 50-odd years. People who know of him only as a polo player recall that the game seemed to be transformed when he played it, and that crowds of 20,000 to 40,000 were not uncommon when he was at his best. If, despite that early fame, almost nothing else is generally known about the rest of Cecil Smith's life, it is because his horses have protected his privacy.

* Lately there have been signs of a revival of popular interest in polo. The first big-money professional polo match in U.S. history was held last fall. It was the Gould Cup, played at Oak Brook, Ill., for a \$25,000 purse. The match went over so well that Carlton Beal, a Texas oilman, put up \$100,000 toward a \$150,000 purse for an enlarged Gould Cup this year, open to any 25-goal team anywhere on earth. The reasoning is that purses of that size will make possible the sort of high-goal polo that was played when it was exclusively the sport of wealthy amateurs.

That professional match last fall was also the first 30-goal match in the U.S. in more than 20 years. Polo players are graded 0 to 10 by "goals," a theoretical value. A 10-goal player is considered perfect, or nearly so. A 30-goal match means that the goal ratings of the four players on each team add up to 30 or more. Such high-goal polo is a fascinating thing to see. Take the most dramatic moment in a game, when a lone rider streaks away with the ball, the startling acceleration of his horse synchronizing with the swing of his mallet as he drives the ball ahead of him. The phrase "on the ball" comes from such occasions. It is a spectacle akin to a bases-loaded home run, a 95-yard kickoff return, an outkiss outrunning a posse. In low-goal polo, a player reaches that moment of greatness, takes a mighty swing at the ball—and, more often than not, misses. In high-goal polo he does not miss. The difference is remarkable. In low-goal polo they slice the ball out of bounds with the field clear before them. Or they ride over the ball and then stop, like somebody getting halfway into an intersection after running a red light while traffic piles up around him. The main difficulty for the spectator is seeing what is going on in the melees of flailing mallets and bewildered horses, whereas in high-goal polo the action is clear, fast and as exciting as any sport has to offer.

Outward signs of polo are missing from Smith's ranch. The mailbox says simply CECIL SMITH, but there is no horse or professional identification anywhere in sight. Nor is there any around his house, a small, red, reconstructed 100-year-

old ranch house with a windmill and barn, set well back from the highway. It overlooks gray, speckled fields, groves of oaks and domelike little hills that end in hazy ridges in the distance. The low-ceilinged living room is likewise bare of polo trophies, except for a portrait painted in 1962 in honor of his 25 consecutive years as a 10-goal player.

Smith has an exact memory of the horses he trained, the games he played and many of the millionaire amateurs who, until he began to play, completely dominated the game. In 1934, when he was beginning to be front-page news, he married a girl from Wading River, Long Island. It startled the polo world, for Smith was then known only as a polo-playing ranch hand, and his bride was the daughter of an old Long Island family. Mary Smith is a charming woman with an even more exact memory of her husband's career. Smith's exact memory includes everything but dates. "Mary," he will call out today, "what year was it I first played with Old Westbury?" Or, "Mary? When did I go to California that time?"

Over the years Mary kept large red leather scrapbooks of articles and photographs. These invaluable items of polo history are not out in the open, either. When they are brought out, Smith leafs through them and talks about whatever they call to mind. "This is the Old Westbury team," he says. "That's Mike Phipps, myself, Stew Iglehart and C. V. Whitney. We never lost a game. We beat Greentree 16-7 in the Open. Greentree was Pete Bostwick, Tommy Hitchcock, Roberto Cavanagh and Jack Whitney. When we formed the Old Westbury team, Greentree had won the Open twice in a row. Mary! When was it Old Westbury won the Open?"

"Thirty-seven and thirty-eight," Mary says. "They wouldn't let you play together again in 1939. They were afraid you'd win it the third time. You did win it again but not until the late '40s, when you won it two years in a row with the Hurricanes."

"It was 1937 and 1938," Smith says.

He pauses at a news photograph that called to mind a question about injuries. "The most serious concussion I ever had was caused by a polo ball hitting me in the back of the head. It didn't knock me out. I rode off the field, but when I got off my horse I was just kind of reeling around. It was on Long Island. It was in . . . Mary? What year was it, when I had that concussion?"

"That concussion," she says. "Which one?"

"Well, the only time I got hit by a ball."

"It was in 1947, because Sidney was supposed to start school that year, and we delayed his starting school because of it."

Smith always used to have a dozen or more horses training at his ranch, but a hip operation last year stopped his serious riding. The only horses there now belong to his younger son Charles, an aerospace engineer in Fort Worth. With a seven-goal rating, Charles was outstanding in the Gould Cup match, which brought together eight of the country's top-ranking players. His team lost 8-7 in sudden-death overtime after he got off a stunning 50-yard angle shot in overtime that missed the goal by inches. That meant he received a quarter share of the losers' purse of \$8,000, instead of the winners' \$16,000.

Like most of the current polo-playing generation, Charles Smith works through the week at his job, then, during the season, takes off for Oak Brook, or Boca Raton or elsewhere, to play in a match or a tournament. "I don't see how he does it," Cecil Smith says. "Sometimes he gets to the field on a Saturday morning, plays Saturday and Sunday and flies home to get to work Monday morning."

Despite these hectic schedules, young players find that professional polo has great appeal. Purses can help meet the cost of horses, training and travel, and constant competition against other high-goal teams may conceivably develop a group of stars capable of restoring the dramatic luster that the game has all but lost. Low-goal polo is fun to play—it's the reason the game has kept going through the past 30 years—but only high-goal polo played by experts on great horses constitutes a superb spectator sport. Which is why, back in 1930, the *International at Meadow Brook*, Long Island drew 45,000 spectators (at \$2 or \$3 a head) on the same day that 25,000 went to Belmont to watch Gallant Fox win the Lawrence Realization and another 15,000 went to Yankee Stadium to watch Babe Ruth and company beat the Senators. Polo was that good a show.

Texas Highway 71 runs through spare rocky scenery whose distinguishing characteristic is that there is less and less of anything else the farther west you drive. Beyond Austin you come to the little town of Llano, a crossroads. Drive on. Ten miles south of Llano you come to what used to be the town of Oxford, where Cecil was born in 1904. There is now a small boarded-up store building, a red-dirt ranch road and nothing else, except some cows and a grove of live oaks where there used to be a church. A quarter of a mile up this road is the place where Smith first knocked a polo ball around. "This wonderful Texas player," Will Rogers wrote, "learned on round rocks, or big pebbles. He used to knock them from Austin clean to An-

gelo. It was years before he knew that polo was played with a wooden ball."

It is 206 miles from Austin to San Angelo, so Rogers did not mean to be taken literally. "A nickname for Oxford was Cat Town," Judge Wilburn Outman wrote in his history of Llano County, "so named because some young men attending a dance there became intoxicated and in their fun and enthusiasm threw a cat into a pot of coffee. The pioneers of that area had a lot of fun at their dances there."

Cecil Smith's family had no part in such historic frolics. Sid Smith, his father, was the foreman of the C. T. Moss ranch, one of the biggest in the county. There is a photograph of him in the county history, lined up with nine cowboys at a chuck wagon, his mustache drooping and his black hat pushed far back on his head. Nobody would throw a cat into his pot of coffee. Cecil and his two sisters grew up in a pleasant hillside dwelling near the main ranch house. They went to a one-room school a couple of miles away, but as the town of Oxford declined they rode in a horse and buggy seven miles to a school across the plain. At 12, during the manpower shortage in the First World War, Cecil began working cattle on the Moss ranch at \$30 a month, adult wages back then, and pretty soon he had given up school for good.

Llano County is flat in parts, offering wide vistas, dry air, thin grasslands and tangles of cedar and mesquite into which deer retreat when a car passes on the lonely roads. The deer population is the heaviest in Texas and, in some

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Smith (left) reacts in his pique as he follows his great rival, Tommy Hitchcock, along the boards.



The Cowboy

LOREN COHEN

cases, is more valuable than cattle to the ranchers, who lease their lands to hunters each season. Around the turn of the century there was a mining boom in the area, but it ended suddenly, leaving fragments of small stores and factories scattered in the sagebrush.

Smith's preparation for polo consisted of riding every day over some portion of Moss' 25,000 acres. The range extended from a looming ridge, known as Yearling Head, near the town of Llano, to a massive square mile of bare stone 20 miles distant, a landmark rising some 500 feet straight up and known as Enchanted Rock because of the bell-like sounds caused by expansion and contraction from changes in the temperature. "If we were working cattle near Enchanted Rock, we'd leave about three o'clock in the morning to get there before daylight," Smith says. "We'd spend the day there and ride back that night. I was on a horse every day from the time I was three or four years old."

By the time he was 16 he was a good all-around ranch hand, and at 18 his reputation as a trainer reached beyond Llano County. He did some calf roping, but his main interest was in training horses. He was breaking horses for the Moss ranch in 1924 when George Miller, a horse dealer from Austin, came by with two that he had bought as prospective polo ponies. With Miller was Rube Williams, a ranch hand eight years older than Smith. Williams later became a famous polo player in his own right, as well as a thoroughbred trainer. He was always called Rube, because he disliked the name Hubert Windshield Williams given him at birth. "I asked Rube what polo was like," Smith says, "and Rube said, 'The first time you hit that white ball and see it rolling, you'll want to play polo.'"

With a mallet and balls provided by Miller, Cecil began practicing in private, riding skittish cow horses on rocky hill-sides. According to Miller, "It was about like learning to play baseball in a railroad switchyard. Cecil hit that ball a wallop, and it went about a mile. I didn't say anything, but I thought about it when I got back to my place."

"Cecil was good with all kinds of animals," says his sister Macy, who still lives in Llano. "Horses most of all, but all animals; he seemed to understand them." Experts were just as impressed. "There has never been a player who trains horses the way Cecil does," says John Armstrong, whose family owns the great Armstrong ranch in South Texas, which is linked to the adjoining King Ranch by ties of family, property and cattle. He knew Cecil in his early days as a polo player; the three Armstrong brothers and their father sometimes played together as a low-goal polo team. "Cecil is gifted with more patience than most people," Armstrong says. "He would bring his horses along slowly and keep them getting better and faster so their performance peaked just when they had to be at their best."

John Armstrong's brother Tobin, the husband of Anne, formerly the Ambassador to Great Britain, says, "Cecil and Rube Williams were magnificent horsemen to begin with, and Cecil trained and rode tremendously good horses. I thought I had been well mounted when I played polo at Meadow Brook. But when I got back to Texas and went out on the field riding one of Cecil's horses I realized I

might as well have been afoot on Long Island. I'd never been on such an animal in my life."

Cecil was hired by Miller to clear a field on the Moss ranch. "They started sick-and-balling some horses, and they asked me to stick-and-ball some, which I did," Smith says, "and that's how I got started. It was a lot of fun. I had roped calves quite a bit before I ever swung a mallet, and roping calves and hitting a polo ball are quite a bit alike, it's a matter of timing. Miller's place was in Austin, and he hired me to work there. I played a game before I went there. A fellow in Llano picked two teams, and they wanted me to come over and play with them. I rode one horse and led the other one 10 miles to Llano, played eight straight periods and rode back to the ranch that night."

"I didn't know that," says Mary Smith.

"Yes. The first real game on a regulation field that I played was at Austin. It was against an Army team from Fort Sam Houston. Miller, Rube Williams, myself and Earl Shaw. We won. I always liked to play with Rube. We could just about read each other's minds. I could just about tell where he was going to be, and he'd be there."

"Miller was buying a lot of horses, in the neighborhood of a hundred a year. In the summer he sent a load with Rube Williams up to New Jersey, and I took another load to Detroit. The Freebooters were a 12-goal team there. They had a grass field, and I'd go there and hit the ball off the back line and try to make a goal in two shots. That's 300 yards. A lot of times I wouldn't make the goal, but I'd nearly always hit it over the back line."

While he was playing with the Freebooters, Smith attracted the attention of Sam Marshall, who was writing editorials, running a humor column and covering polo for the *Detroit News*. Marshall measured one of Smith's long drives in a game and found that it had traveled 460 feet. He noted in one of his newspaper articles that Smith had accomplished this by swinging a mallet that weighed more than a pound while riding at full speed, timing the speed of his swing with the speed of his horse and smacking a three-inch, four-ounce wooden ball more than half again the length of a football field toward an eight-yard-wide goal. And he did not miss.

Marshall later became celebrated as Brigadier General Samuel Lyman Atwood Marshall, the historian of World War II. Marshall had learned to play polo after World War I, while serving under General Adna Chaffee, then a major, who had been a polo star in his young days at Fort Riley, Kans. Chaffee, who was a good writer himself, wanted Marshall to write about military affairs. Marshall balked; his literary work then was not as distinguished as his polo. Chaffee said, "If you do the writing, I'll let you use my polo string." Thus did a great military historian come into being. When he left the Army, Marshall became sports editor of an El Paso newspaper, switching to Detroit after Smith began to play there. "I got to know Sam Marshall real well," says Smith. "We were together a lot. He's a real nice fellow."

Marshall was critical of the Eastern polo Establishment centered at Meadow Brook, though he admired individual

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The Cowboy

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players. Writing of Hitchcock and Stewart Leghant, both 10-goal, he noted that both were "sons of fathers who have long exercised a dominant influence in polo, on the handicaps committee and elsewhere." Another time, comparing Hitchcock and Cecil Smith, he wrote, "Hitchcock is wealthy, Smith hasn't a dime. Hitchcock is one of the game's keenest students, Smith was born with the technique of play in his brain and the knack and the drive in his good right arm."

Handicaps are rated according to a player's hitting, his horsemanship, his mastery of the game and the quality of his horses—this last accounting for 60% to 75%—as well as his sportsmanship. Smith believes that horses account for 75% to 80%. "You can't hit the ball if your horse can't get you to it," he says. When he first went to Long Island in 1927 he took only one horse with him.

There were 20 to 40 wealthy amateurs playing polo then, owning strings of 30 or more ponies, with the cost of horses, handlers and travel coming to perhaps \$50,000 a year or more, depending on how many trips were made to California. The players were almost as interrelated as European royal families—fathers and sons, like the junior and senior Devereux Millbams and Thomas Hitchcocks, or brothers, including Raymond and Winston Guest and Michael and Hubert Phapps, or brothers-in-law, such as Averell Harriman and Robert Gerry, as well as an array of cousins, nephews and grandsons. Their wealth was spectacular. Laddie Sanford inherited the \$26 million Bigelow-Sanford carpet works. Bobby Strawbridge a major share of the Strawbridge & Clothier department store in Philadelphia, Seymour Knox a part of the Woolworth fortune. Averell Harriman's father left an estate of \$100 million. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney and his cousin Jock were members of an enormously wealthy New York family.

Marshall wrote of Smith's career as a case of Smith vs. The Rest. The nub of the problem was the international matches, then major sports events. In more than 50 years of international competition before Smith's appearance in a match against Mexico in 1941, only one player who was not a member of the Long Island group had ever played on a U.S. team—Eric Pedley, who lived in California. When in the early 1930s an East-West match was proposed, the best of the Meadow Brook regulars against the best from the rest of the country, Marshall expressed doubt that it would take place. "Suppose the West should win. Would the East give way in the matter of international selection? You know very well they would not."

When polo was introduced into the U.S. in 1876, James Gordon Bennett Jr. of the *New York Herald* sent a New York riding master to Texas to buy polo ponies. The first game was a farce—on only one swing in 30 did the players even make contact with the ball—but the horses were a bit "The Texas mustangs ridden by the party were all active, wiry animals," said the *New York Times* account of the first game, "and joined in the game with as much apparent zest as the owners. They presented an animated appearance, fairly flushing about the turf with a great deal of spirit and chasing the ball with incredible speed." "Horses won't

chase a ball," says Smith. "A dog will, but a horse won't."

Texas became the main supplier of polo ponies for the next century; more than 25,000 have been shipped to Eastern players. The peak of the business came in the '20s and '30s. In 1927 Miller moved his stables from Austin to San Antonio, where there were some 14 polo teams on nearby Army posts, as well as the local club. Miller, Smith and Williams spent two months each year traveling from one Texas ranch to another, gathering 80 or more horses to be trained, usually during the winter months. Polo ponies should not play until they are four or five years old and their growth completed. But a good cow horse has "that balance and quickness developed in watching that cow all the time," says Smith.

"When we came back with the horses, we'd work them a little bit every day," he says. "We'd take them slow. If you get them into a game too soon, they don't do so well. We hired extra help, but Miller and Ruhe and I would saddle 10 or 12 horses a day. I've ridden as many as 15, but that's an awful lot."

After four months of training, the horses were taken to California, where the season opened in February. The polo community that had formed around Darryl Zanuck in Hollywood was a mixed group, including English actors, high-goal players hired by Zanuck and Western stars. Among them were Reginald Denny, Raymond Griffith, Walt Disney, Hal Roach, Jack Holt, James Gleason, Charles Farrell and Guinn "Big Boy" Williams. "Big Boy Williams was a pretty good player," says Smith. "He was a great fellow. Will Rogers was a good player, about three goals, I think. I was at his place a lot. We used to play polo in the morning and rope calves in the afternoon. He had a lot of horse-covers. We were close friends."

The horses that were not sold in California, Miller shipped back to Texas, where they were seasoned further in actual play and later taken north to Long Island or other polo centers. In one way or another Smith played polo every day of the year, except when he was traveling with the horses. A good cow horse cost \$250 to \$500. Trained as a polo pony, it sold for at least \$1,000. Smith never had a string of his own until 1946, after he had been playing for 22 years and had been a 10-goal star for the best part of a decade. Whenever he and Ruhe Williams found and trained an exceptionally good horse, Miller sold it. After they went into the business for themselves, they found they often had to sell the good ones. Smith managed to keep Badger, one of his favorite horses, which he found on a ranch in Sonora, Texas, and rode for 12 years. He found his most famous mount, Bonnie J, at a ranch near Brady, not far from his old home in Llano. Other players said Smith should have had a 12-goal rating when he was riding her. Bonnie J had started out badly, but he stayed with her. "Her bones and muscles had set and she had worked around cattle," Smith says. "These were good signs, but she wouldn't stack-and-hall. She'd fight the stack and she'd shy at the ball, even paw at it. But once she was running with other horses, she never took time to worry about the ball or the stack. I just touched her to point her where I wanted her to go. If a ball bounced

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The Cowboy

continued

off a divot in the last second, she would fly over to where I could hit it."

Though Marshall wrote that social snobbery kept Smith from getting the handicap he deserved, the fact that he had no string of his own was also a factor. It was not until 1930 that Smith was rated as high as seven goals. In that year he and Rube Williams played on a Roslyn, Long Island team formed by Harold Talbott (Hill, Yale, Electric Auto-Lite, six goals). They defeated Greentree, made up of Meadow Brook stars, for the Monty Waterbury Cup, the most prestigious trophy in American polo. Two years later the two cowboys played with Jock Whitney's Greentree team for the same cup. Smith's pony fell in the semifinals, and he broke a bone in his arm below his right elbow. With Smith out of the lineup Greentree was eliminated. The accident also cost Smith a chance to go to England with the next international team selected.

Still, his mastery could no longer be ignored. In 1933 the East-West match eventually came about largely because of the attention Smith had received. The question of how he would do against Hitchcock, who had been a 10-goal player for 12 straight seasons, was a popular argument. The East-West was a special sports event connected with the Century of Progress exposition in Chicago. The first game of the three-game match began at 4:30 Sunday afternoon, Aug. 13, at the Onwentsia Club in Lake Forest. With Hitchcock on the East team were Winston and Raymond Guest (eight and seven goals) and Michael Phipps (seven goals). It was a superior 32-goal team.

On the other side were Smith, now rated at nine goals, Rube Williams, at seven, Elmer Boescke, a seven-goal veteran who played in Buffalo with the Aurora team, and Aidan Roark, later the husband of Helen Wills, seven goals. It was a good 30-goal team, but the East was favored because of Hitchcock's experience and its horses. The East team had arrived in Chicago with 32 horses and nine handlers traveling in special cars attached to a fast train. Private cars carried a contingent of fashionable supporters. Twelve years of consecutive victories over English and Argentine teams in international matches had made it clear that the Meadow Brook players were the best in the world. But there was a nagging question that they might not be the best in their own country. "There was an awful lot of money bet on those games," Tobin Armstrong says, "with the big money on the East team."

Yet it began as a rout of the East. Smith got the ball at the toss-in and drove toward the goal. A foul gave him a penalty shot from 60 yards out. He lofted it over the heads of the defenders lined up in front of the goal, directly between the goalposts. After the next toss-in, Boescke got the ball near the West goal and raced the length of the field to make it 2-0. But then Hitchcock and Winston Guest passed the ball to within range of the West goal, from which point Guest drove the ball between the posts. A moment later Hitchcock deftly played the ball along the boards—the low fence marking the boundary of the field—where his opponents could not get at it, and made the score 2-2 as the period ended.

Three minutes to change horses. In this sort of polo the players race back to midfield for the toss-in with an astonishing eagerness, almost like children, sometimes appearing to race to get there first. Smith got off another of the high line drives that were his trademark, high enough to clear men on horseback. But Raymond Guest, swinging his mallet overhead, brought it down in midflight, chased it into the open and scored to put the East ahead 3-2.

That was the last time the East led. Another 60-yard penalty shot by Smith made it 3-3, and yet another, from 40 yards, made it 4-3, and the West was on its way. The half ended with the West ahead 9-6, and after the five-minute rest period, two quick goals from the field and an 80-yard penalty shot by Smith made the score 12-6.

What was happening was unbelievable: "Polo never seen before and perhaps never to be seen again," according to Marshall. Near the end of the fifth chukker—there were eight chukkers, or periods, each 7½ minutes long—Smith fell, his horse rolling over him. He was unconscious for 23 minutes and rumors swept the crowd that he was dead. When he came to, he waved away the ambulance and returned to the field, play having stopped for more than half an hour. "They changed the rules after that," he says. "Now you have to get back on the field after 15 minutes." He rode around the field like a zombie. There were no goals for either team in the sixth period. Rube Williams was knocked out when a swing of Winston Guest's mallet accidentally caught him in the chest. (Earlier Williams had acquired a scalp wound when he hit a goalpost after a fall.) After play resumed, Hitchcock scored two quick goals to make the score 12-8. What with time out and injuries, the last period did not start until 7:30.

At the start of the final period Hitchcock, Michael Phipps and Raymond Guest scored three goals within three minutes to bring the score to 12-11, and only a brilliant save by Aidan Roark prevented the East from tying it. Roark got the ball to Smith, who, apparently himself again, drove it from midfield for another goal. With that, the last East offensive collapsed and Smith and Roark each scored again to make the final score 15-11.

Smith was a national hero, on the front pages, in the newsreels, on a nationwide radio hookup. He had scored five of six penalty shots, and he also scored from the field with distance and accuracy that no other player could match. "The most dramatic upset in a generation," Marshall wrote. "Smith outthought Hitchcock, outrode him and outhit him by a wide margin."

In the second game, three days later, Rube Williams was the victim of a freak accident. At the end of one of the periods Hitchcock nonchalantly whacked the ball toward the sidelines and accidentally hit Williams instead. The force of the blow broke his leg, the third time Williams had broken a leg that season. The West had no real substitute, and Neil McCarthy, a low-goal player, took Williams' place. The West could not stop Hitchcock's drives near the goal, and the East won 12-8.

As captain of the West team, Smith spent the three days before the final match seeking a substitute for Williams.

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The Cowboy

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With the help of Will Rogers, he lured Eric Pedley, who agreed to fly to Chicago for the final game, even though he had not been playing recently. Two nights before the match, with this settled, Smith visited Williams, who had been taken from the hospital to his room at the Deerpath Inn. When Williams' nurse went off duty at 10:30, Smith offered to drive her to her home in Evanston, 20 miles away, in his Ford roadster. He later reported that he had left her at her door, where she wished him luck in the game on Sunday, and that he was back at the hotel by midnight. The next day Smith was having lunch with Major Frederick McLaughlin, the husband of dancer Irene Castle and director of the matches, in a country-club dining room crowded with Saturday golfers, when a policeman from Evanston made his way to their table and arrested Smith on a charge of rape. The nurse and a male friend had appeared in court, where she charged that Smith had dragged her from his car near a dark ravine and criminally assaulted her.

Smith was released on a \$5,000 bond, but the arrest had been made early enough to make the Saturday afternoon and Sunday papers, which reported the case with even bigger headlines than had been given his polo playing. Tobin Armstrong recollects stories going around that because of the heavy betting, the rape charges had been made to keep Smith in a frame of mind that would prevent his playing, or playing well. The East players issued a statement declaring that Smith was a sportsman and a gentleman and that they were convinced there was no truth in the accusation. "I had the best lawyer in the country," says Smith. "and he wanted to sue the woman. But she dropped the charges."

But the charges were hanging over him on Sunday when the third and decisive game began. If it had indeed been an attempt to unnerve Smith, it misfired. In all eight chukkers he was the most active man on the field, swinging his mallet with unparalleled accuracy. He scored six goals as his team won 12-6, one of them an angle shot that streaked 95 yards. There could have been no more dramatic evidence of Rube Williams' prediction that when Smith saw that white ball rolling, he would want to play polo.

But more than Smith's personal sat-

isfaction was involved. The old world of the polo aristocracy was shaken to its foundations. The question went deeper than the selection of the international teams. What made polo popular? The belief of the old guard had been that people were attracted by its elegance, the prestige and social position of its great stars, the glamour surrounding each major event, all depending on what was called "the smallest, wealthiest, most exclusive group ever to represent the U.S. in international sport." Marshall wrote that Smith's eminence (he was given his first 10-goal rating after the East-West match) might release some nationwide sources of talent, since Smith had gained his place solely as a competitor. He made his way, as Marshall said dryly, "in circumstances that have never been entirely favorable." But the fact that he had done so was in itself "a world of encouragement for the small fry poloist..." Other gifted players who had been obscured or intimidated by the awesome wealth and concentrated social power of the polo Establishment might now find their way. That did not happen—not then, for World War II and postwar inflation all but eliminated polo for decades. But now, with the beginning of professional polo, there is a chance such development may come about.

After the West's epic triumph, Charles Wrightsman, a three-goal enthusiast who was president of the Standard Oil Company of Kansas, organized a team called the Texas Rangers for a tour of England. "There was Wrightsman, myself, Aidan Roark and Eric Tyrrell-Martin," says Smith. "Eric was an Englishman living in this country, but he played with us. Wrightsman shipped 31 of his horses to England. We were 10 days on the boat, and we played the horses in a practice game on the third day after we landed. We were in all three of the English Opens and in the King's Coronation tournament, which was named for the coronation of Edward VII in 1901.

"There really wasn't anybody for us to play against in the King's Coronation because the competition was supposed to be determined by which teams had won the Opens—and we had ridden off with all three. So we asked them to pick their four best players and we would play them instead. We did, and we never lost

continued

Whisky

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The Cowboy

continued

a tournament game that entire season.

"I don't think I ever played better than I did in 1936, the year that I was dropped to eight goals. They did that because I didn't have good horses. A poor rider on a good horse can always ride off a good rider on a poor horse. I sold all my good horses. That's what I used to do. I'd sell off my good ponies and just play with what was left. The West lost the second East-West series because we didn't have the horses. In the first match people had actually loaned us the horses we played with, but for the second series they didn't. I don't know why."

Smith was returned to a 10-goal rating in 1938 and remained there for 25 years, longer than any other polo player in history.

These days Smith is mostly interested in finding the horses required for high-goal polo. He sometimes goes as far afield as Montana or Utah. He found his son Charles' best horse, Sweet Bea, in Nebraska. For years he has searched each fall with a group of polo-playing cronies in West Texas. Smith's older son Sidney, an architect in Houston, says the locale is so secret that even his family does not know where it is. Smith also fly-fishes in Montana and shoots each year at the Armstrong ranch. Aside from a liking for country music, he has been able to ignore the creative productions of modern life. "Horses take enough of my time," he says. "I remember old George Miller telling me, 'You never get too old to learn something new about horses.' And it's true."

"Cecil has never changed," says Tobin Armstrong. "My earliest recollections include going to San Antonio with my father to watch him play. When my brothers and I started playing we tried to imitate him. He was always in great shape, always looked the same. I played polo with him five years ago, and he looked as young and fit as ever."

"Cecil has the most even temperament of any athlete I've ever known," says John Armstrong. "That temperament, plus his cool approach to any kind of competition, kept him at the top. His greatest contributions have been the training of horses and proving that nice guys don't always finish last." And Cecil and Rube Williams proved something else—that polo wasn't a sport only for the wealthy.

END

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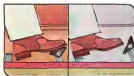
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OUT OF THE PARK

Sir,

In the photograph accompanying Rick Telander's article about Rich Buhke, who collects baseballs hit out of Wrigley Field (*At the Other End of the Rainbows*, April 25), I see a football and six hockey pucks. Is he branching out?

CASWELL SCHILLER
Ithaca, N.Y.

• The football came off the toe of Lou Michaels of the Baltimore Colts, who kicked an extra point out of Wrigley Field in a game against the Chicago Bears on Oct. 8, 1967. Five of the six pucks sailed into the stands (and Buhke's grasp) during games played by the defunct Chicago Cougars of the WHA at the Amphitheatre; the sixth came from a Black Hawk practice session at Chicago Stadium.—ED

Sir,

I really appreciated the article on Rich Buhke. It's about time someone connected with a sport was written about besides the overpaid, bellyaching players.

TED SICKLEY
Gladstone, N.J.

Sir,

In Sacramento in the summers of 1960 and 1961, I chased, caught and fought for bunting practice and home-run balls at Edmonds Field, home of the AAA Sacramento Solons, & to Rich Buhke. My prize possessions were home runs hit by Willie Mays (in an exhibition game), Willie McCovey of the Tacoma Giants and Willie Davis of the Spokane Indians. There aren't many major league parks where it is still practical and possible to chase homers. I hope the shaggers will be able to continue the art—slugging does require special talents and tenacity—for a long time.

MICHAEL N. KATAYANAGI
Brooklyn

WHITE-COLLAR BLUE JAYS?

Sir,

So Toronto has a baseball team (*Tip of the Hat*, *Car of the Bat*, April 25). Big deal? Having visited "the good gray lady," we cannot understand the placing of a team playing an American game in so bland a Canadian city. Why not put a team in Buffalo instead? Here is an American city that supports the Sabres, Braves and Bills. Buffalo would draw on Toronto's millions and add to it more than a million and a half of her own population. What a slap in the face to the American worker that a team should be placed in white-collar Toronto rather than

in blue-collar Buffalo.

MICHAEL F. DOMAN
JOHN W. JERARD
Portland, Ore.

Sir,

You omit a very significant bit of information about Blue Jay first baseman, Doug Ault. He bats right- and throws left-handed. In 1976, 426 non-pitchers were listed on the spring-training rosters of the then 24 major league teams. Not one batted right and threw left.

The last major leaguer who did so was Cleon Jones of the New York Mets. Most baseball scouts show little interest in signing a B-R, T-L prospect.

ROBERT W. MILLER
West Seneca, N.Y.

NEPOTISM?

Sir,

Are Maury and Bump Wills (March 28) the first father-and-son pair to make the cover of *SI* at different times?

BARRY ROZNER
Wilmette, Ill.

• No. Bold Ruler (1957) and Secretariat (1973) were.—ED

TRAVELING MEN?

Sir,

I'm surprised that neither *SI* nor its readers have commented on basketball's counterpart of baseball's "phantom" double play that officials continue to permit.

I refer to the running start obtained by most players in the process of making a breakaway dunk. From slow-motion replays it is apparent that players take three, four, often five steps without putting the ball on the floor—well in excess of the step and a half permitted by the rules.

Perhaps officials around the leagues have been instructed to be lenient in this respect, so as not to diminish the flashiness of the slam dunk that has proved to be such a crowd-pleaser.

BRENDAN J. DOWNING
Miami Lakes, Fla.

STICKING TO IT

Sir,

That was a great article on lacrosse (*You Can't Beat This Game With a Stick*, April 25). The best part, though, was the pictures. They were superb.

PAUL BEARE LIVESAY
Cherry Chase, Md.

Sir,

You dodged the issue by saying that winning a face-off involves a "bit of cheating." In fact, the lacrosse face-off is an antiquated

stick-in-the-mud aspect of the game that cheats players and fans alike. Basketball long ago discarded the center jump following every basket. The inequity is clear. One tail center can keep the ball away from an entire opposing team. So it is now in lacrosse. I have witnessed Maryland's fine team score eight consecutive goals without my beloved University of Virginia having once touched the ball.

BRICE W. RADFORD
Arlington, Va.

Sir,

Lacrosse has crept into more places than you think. There are now clubs in Iowa, Colorado, Missouri, Illinois, Minnesota and Wisconsin. I'll bet you'd find that there are 500 guys who might be interested in a pick-up game out on the Great Plains—20 at a time, that is.

DEB SIEGEL
Iowa State Lacrosse Club
Ames, Iowa

Sir,

Lacrosse is thriving in Florida. In five years the number of clubs has grown from four to 111, and the sport has spread into every part of the state.

TOM PRITCHETT
Jacksonville

Sir,

The Pacific Northwest Lacrosse Association now has four university and three club teams. The PNLA tournament is becoming a major event.

BARRETT MACDOUGALL
Portland, Ore.

BROADWAY EXPRESS

Sir,

Thinking about Joe Namath makes you sick (*Hollywood or Bust for Off-Broadway Joe*, April 25). Banana-Nose Joe is the worst quarterback in the league. He has no right to ask for even a \$150,000 salary. To me he is not worth a penny. Joe should stay with his women and his popcorn poppers. At least he can't be intercepted during a commercial!

BILL SIEGEL
Yanmouth Port, Mass.

Sir,

With Super Joe as the Rams' quarterback, they are a cinch to win Super Bowl XII.

JOHN JULIANO
New Palz, N.Y.

WINDUP IN ATLANTA (CONT.)

Sir,

It's a shame that those readers who condemned Dean Smith's four-corners offense in your April 18 issue don't know what they're

contested.

As I Saw It

by ROBERT W. CREAMER

DURING KENTUCKY DERBY DAY, THESE FOLKS PUT THE CAR BEFORE THE HOUSE

On the far side of Churchill Downs, beyond the backstretch and the barns and the chain link fence that guards the track from the world outside, lies Longfield Avenue. Those who drive to Churchill Downs on Derby Day are familiar with Longfield Avenue—or at least a lot of them are. Much of the mass of traffic that crawls south from downtown Louisville or north off the Watterson Expressway funnels onto Longfield, where it creeps bumper to bumper before turning into the track's big parking lot.

On one side of Longfield are the barns, separated from the traffic by a cool stretch of grass inside the wire fence. On the other side of the road are houses. They are small frame dwellings for the most part, and all but a few are single-story. On Derby Day the people in most of these houses come out front and nail hand-lettered signs saying PARK HERE to trees and posts, or they hold them up to invite the people in the cars to forgo the Churchill Downs lot with its crowds and instead swing out of the traffic and onto Longfield's front lawns—for a parking fee of \$5 or, sometimes, \$10.

Among those offering parking spaces last May was Mrs. Walter Letcher, a small woman in her mid 60s. Her house is only 100 yards or so from the gate to the parking lot. "When we got up at six," she said, "the cars were already lined up. Some of them had been there since 4 a.m." A man at the wheel of one of the first cars in line, waiting wearily for the gate to open, said that the next time he came he was going to park at the Fair Grounds a couple of miles to the east, and take a special bus from there to the track. Mrs. Letcher said, "People who used to park with us tried that once, but they said that you had to wait for the bus to fill, then after the race there were drunks on the bus getting sick and everything."

The line of cars eventually extended all the way down Longfield, and more and more drivers accepted the invitation to park. "When they park down there to the right," said Mrs. Letcher, "they come

walking by here. It's fun watching them. Last year Artis Gilmore came by. Orchid pants. Shirt with an orchid design. And, can you imagine, platform shoes!" Mrs. Letcher smiled at the memory. "Some of them look so nice going in. But when they come out, they're all slumped and tired. It's changed, though. There aren't so many people fancy dressed as there used to be."

Mrs. Letcher said she got started parking cars some years ago, when her husband was alive. He usually tended to the chore of guiding the motorists to the proper places in the yard, but one year on Oaks Day, which is the day before the Derby and also draws a big crowd, she and a neighbor joined forces while Mr. Letcher was at work. When he came home, Mr. Letcher was astonished to find the yard full. "Who parked these cars?" he asked. "Now who do you think did?" Mrs. Letcher said. "Why, I thought you'd be too shy," he said admiringly.

After her husband's death, Mrs. Letcher supervised the parking by herself, but last year her daughter Brenda, her son-in-law Jim and her four grandchildren were staying with her, and they helped out. All up and down Longfield, people of all ages were out front, waving cars in, yelling amiably, making jokes, laughing. "This is about the only time members of the community see one another," one man said. Mrs. Letcher had Brenda park several cars on the lawn of her next-door neighbor, who was ill, and Brenda took the money she received to the neighbor.

With the parking lot filled now and the gates closed, business was booming on Longfield Avenue. A teen-age boy, asking \$4, snared a couple of cars and guided them around the corner of Cliff Street. "He's taking them two, three blocks away," Brenda said. It was not the price-cutting that bothered her. It was the principle. It was false advertising, and it reflected on all of them. Earlier in the day a truck with a cherry picker had been parked on Longfield. It bore a sign saying STOP FORCED BUSING—a volatile issue in Louisville. Brenda had looked at the truck with disapproval. "They figure they can raise that thing high," she said, "so when they show the Derby on TV, the cameras will pick it up, and the whole country will see it. I'm not against stopping forced busing, but I am against that cherry picker and the sign. It brings down the Derby and Louisville."

That feeling for the Derby, warm and intimate, was common on Longfield Avenue despite the curious remoteness of the famous race, which few of the residents have seen. Mrs. Letcher, who has lived on Longfield Avenue since 1942, has never seen any horse race. "I don't like gambling," she said, although not at all primly. Her eyes glistened with amusement. "If I did bet on a horse," she said, "they'd have to hang a lantern on his head so's you could see him when he finished, because it would be about midnight."

The money the residents make from parking cars certainly comes in handy, but it seems almost secondary to the excitement of the day. The people who live on Longfield Avenue are part of the show. They are having fun. Mrs. Letcher's 10-year-old grandson James, spotting a police patrol on horseback moving slowly along the fence on the opposite side of the street, called out, "Park your horse!" And the entire street lit up when, early in the afternoon, motorcycles with sirens screaming led a caravan of big cars swiftly down Longfield to the gate, which opened to admit them. "It's the governor," someone said. "It's a senator," said someone else. James, who had been in the street when the caravan swept by, came running back, shouting, "Hey, Grandma, that was John Wayne in the first car! He had on a big white hat. We waved at him, and he waved back!"

Late in the afternoon, long after their yard was filled, Mrs. Letcher and her family went inside to watch the Derby on television. When they played *My Old Kentucky Home*, Brenda, holding her 18-month-old daughter Katara on her lap, mouthed the words silently at first, then sang them softly. When it was over, she and Katara applauded.

After the start of the race, Brenda, who had nothing riding on the Derby, said, "Come on, Bold Forbes! Let's go!" Her husband Jim was hollering for Coyak ("That's what I got in the pool," he said to Brenda). When the Derby had been run, Brenda said, "Mama, I told you Bold Forbes was going to win."

Jim said, "Well, the hullabaloo is over in Louisville for another year." A visitor asked Brenda, "Did you feel like crying during *My Old Kentucky Home*?" She nodded, smiling at herself. "But not as much as when I watched it when we were living in Florida," she said.

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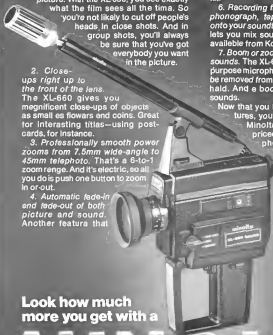
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talking about. Before reaching the NCAA finals, North Carolina had already beaten N.C. State and Virginia for the ACC tournament championship. Purdue, nationally ranked Notre Dame and nationally ranked Kentucky for the East Regional crown and nationally ranked Nevada-Las Vegas in the NCAA semis. Smith called for some type of this much-maligned offense in all of these games. How convenient for adversaries to forget.

Yes, Dean Smith is Coach of the Year and no other man has ever deserved it more. Considering several unfortunate injuries and a possible lack of superstars, the Tar Heels went farther in the NCAA tournament than anyone imagined they could. No. 2 in the nation is quite an accomplishment and we're all very proud of Smith and his team.

MEG BLAKESLEE
Chapel Hill, N.C.

TRASHCAN
Sir

Congratulations to William Leggett on his article *Trashsport Should Be Canned* (April 18). I agree 100% with his opinions on the trash we sports fans have to put up with on television. *The Superstars*, *Challenge of the Series*, *Battle of the Network Stars* just add more money to the pockets of already overpaid athletes and actors at the expense of the gullible fans.

LARRY DAVID LEWIS
Carlisle, Pa.

Sir

In reference to "Trashsport," or "sports created for television," in Leggett's words, I'm afraid he is laboring under an unrealistic view. Professional sports exist because they provide entertainment for the paying spectator, be he in attendance or a TV viewer. Without this entertained, paying spectator there would be no Super Bowl, no World Series, no Masters golf tournament. Ilie Nastase is a promoter's dream not because he is the most naturally gifted tennis player in the world today. No, Mr. Leggett, it is because he is the most entertaining player in the world today.

If some activity more entertaining than "real" sport came along in this country, the millions of fans would switch over and soon there would be no more "real" sport. So let's not draw too harsh a distinction. Sports in this country survive for the same reasons that *All in the Family* and *Charlie's Angels* survive: they provide entertainment.

JERRY BUTTS
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

GOLDEN DAYS

Sir,

I deeply appreciated your article *As I Did It* by Bob Carra in the April 18 issue. I especially enjoyed the paragraph about Russ Hodges and the 1951 pennant. I feel that Russ, my grandfather, was one of the greatest sportscasters in the athletic world. I'm proud that he was part of the golden age of sports.

continued



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Thanks very much for paying tribute to the good old days of baseball!

JOHN DAVID NORTH
Satellite Beach, Fla.

Sir:

A vote of thanks to Bob Caerns for a great trip into baseball nostalgia.

Isn't it interesting that Gunner Prince with his "Quail at first..." would become "Dead Duck" Prince and help to cause so much of Mr. Caerns' and my griping on Monday nights last summer?

WILLIAM A. STOLZER, M.D.
Fort Pierce, Fla.

GEORGE DID IT

Sir:

Two points on SCORECARD, April 18: 1) Bob Haines. The greatest swimming coach in the world's first name is George. 2) If natural gas is not to be used for heating swimming pools, then it is also not to be used for such things as the production of fertilizer for golf courses (natural gas is the principal energy source used in the production of man-made fertilizer).

L. A. BAARCKE
North Palm Beach, Fla.

SAD AND SICKENING

Sir:

If the annual seal kill by the Newfoundland fishermen (*A Derge* for the *Harp*, April 18) is, as Dan Levin puts it, "a rite of almost religious import," then the so-called human beings who commit this barbaric injustice must have the intelligence quotient of a herd of yaks.

You can almost always determine the intellect of a culture by the way it treats dumb animals. I applaud Brian Davies in his efforts to stop this sad and sickening event.

HENRY T. HAMMOND
Huntington, W. Va.

MEDICINE MAN

Sir:

How quickly one forgets. This is said in reply to Curry Kirkpatrick's question, which if not fictitious was at least unwise, as to whether the Doctor actually has an antidote for the strong Abdul medicine (*At Fall* *Talk* into the Playoffs, April 18).

Have you forgotten what Julius did to Kareem in the All-Star Game? Granted Julius is currently the best center in basketball, but Dr. J is the best forward ever to play the game.

ROBERT J. CLARK JR.
Providence, R.I.

Address editorial mail to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York, 10020.



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MERIT

Kings & 100's